

THE
ATHEIST:
OR, THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
Soldier's Fortune.

*Hic noster Authores habet;
Quorum amulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius, quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.
Dehinc ut quiescant porro moneo, & desinat
Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua.*

Terence.



Printed in the YE / R 1728.

THE

ATLANTA

OF THE



Advertisers' Building

Printed in the Year 1886.



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TO THE
LORD *ELANDE*,

Eldest Son to the Right Honourable the

Marquiss of *Hallifax*.

My LORD,

IT was not without a great deal
of Debate with my self, that I
could resolve to make this Present
to your Lordship: For tho' Epi-
stles dedicatory be lately grown so epidemical,
that, either sooner or later, no Man of Quality
(whom the least Author has the least Pre-
tence to be troublesome to) can escape them;
yet methought Your Lordship should be
as much above the common Perplexities
that

The DEDICATION.

that attend your Quality, as You are above the common Level of it, as well in the most Exalted Degrees of a Noble Generous Spirit, as in a piercing Apprehension, good Understanding, and daily ripening Judgment, all sweetened by an obliging Affability and Condescension; of which I have often, in the Honour of Your Conversation, had particular cause to be proud; and for which, therefore, a more than ordinary Reason, now, to be Grateful.

And it is upon that Pretence, I here presume to shelter this Trifle under Your Protection; for indeed, it has great need of such Protection: having at its first coming into the World met with many Enemies, and very industrious ones too; but this way I was sure it must live: *Would He but once vouchsafe to espouse its Defence, whose Generosity will overthrow the ignoblest Envy; whose good Nature cannot but confound the most inveterate Malice; and whose Wit must baffle the sauciest Ignorance.*

My Lord, it would but argue me of the meanest Impertinence and Formality, to pretend



The DEDICATION.

pretend here an Harangue of those Praises
You deserve : For he who tells the World
whose Son You are, has said enough to
those who do not know You ; and the
happy few, whom You have pick'd and
chosen for your Conversation, cannot but
every hour You are pleased to bestow upon
them, be sensible of more than I could tell
them in a Volume : Your Lordship being
the best Panegyrick upon your self ; the
Son of that Great Father of his Country,
who when all manner of Confusion, Ruin,
and Destruction, was breaking in upon us,
like the Guardian Angel of these King-
doms, stood up ; and with the Tongue of
an Angel too, confounded the Subtilties
of that Infernal Serpent, who would have
debauched us from our Obedience, and
turned our *Eden* into a Wilderness. Cer-
tainly his Name must be for ever Ho-
nourable, Precious his Memory, and Happy
His Generation, who durst exert his Loyal-
ty, when it was grown almost a Reproach
to have any, and stem a Torrent of Fa-
ction, popular Fury, and fermenting Re-
bellion,

The DEDICATION.

bellion, to the preserving of the best of Kings in his Throne, and the happiest of People in their Liberties.

May he live long to compleat the Reparations he has made in our Defence ; still by the strength of his Judgment, to fore-see those Evils that may yet threaten us, and by the Power of his Wisdom to prevent them ; to root out the Footing and Foundations of the King's open (nay, and bosome) Enemies ; As a watchful, bold, and sincere Counsellor to his Master ; to be a Driver of Treacherous, Grinning, Self-ended Knaves, Insinuating Spies, and useless unprofitable Fools from his Service : A Patron and Promoter of Honesty, Merit, and Ability, which else too often, by neglect, are corrupted to their Contraries.

In fine, to continue (as he is) a kind Indulgent Father to Your Lordship, so much every way his Son, and fit to Inherit his Honours, as, in the strong and shining Virtues of Your Mind, the fit and steady disposition of Your Loyalty, the Goodness and obliging Temper of Your Nature, is
apparent ;

The DEDICATION.

apparent; by which only I must ever humbly confess, and no presumptive Merit of my own, I have been encouraged to take this Opportunity of telling the World how much I desire to be thought

Your Lordship's

Humble Servant to be commanded,

THO. OTWAY.

AT PRO



PROLOGUE.

Though Plays and Prologues ne'er did more abound,
Ne'er were good Prologues harder to be found.
To me the Cause seems eas'ly understood:
For there are Poets prove not very good,
Who, like base Sign-Post Dawblers, wanting Skill,
Steal from great Master's Hands, and Copy ill,
Thus, if by Chance, before a noble Feast
Of Gen'rous Wit, to whet and fit your Taste,
Some poignant Satyr in a Prologue rise,
And growing Vices handsomly chastise;
Each Poet after thence presumes on Rules,
And ever after calls ye downright Fools.

These Marks describe him. —

Writing by rote; small Wit, or none to spare;
Fangle and Chime's his Study, Toil and Care:
He always in one Line upbraids the Age;
And a good Reason why; it Rhymes to Stage.
With Wit and Pic he keeps a hideous Pother;
Sure to be damn'd by One, for want of T'other:
But if by Chance, he get the French Word Raillery;
Lord, how he fegues the Vixor Masques with Gallery!!

'Tis said, Astrologers strange Wonders find
To come, in two great Planets lately join'd.
From our two Houses joining, most will hold
Vast Deluges of Dulness were foretold.
Poor Holborn Ballads now being born away
By Tides of duller Madrigals than they.

Jockeys

PROLOGUE.

Jockeys and Jenneys set to Northern Airs,
While Lowfie Thespis chaunts at Country Fairs:
Politick Ditties, full of Stage Debate,
And Merry Catches, how to Rule the State.
Vicars neglect their Flocks, to turn Translators;
And Barley-water Whey-fac'd Beau's write Satyrs;
Though none can guess to which most Praise belongs.
To the Learn'd Versions, Scandals, or the Songs.
For all things now by Contraries succeed;
Of Wit or Virtue there's no longer need:
Beauty submits to him who loudliest rails;
She fears the sawcy Fop, and he prevails.
Who for his best Preferment would devise,
Let him renounce all Honesty, and rise.
Villains and Parasites Success will gain;
But in the Court of Wit, shall Dulness reign?
No: Let th' angry Squire give his Tambicks o'er;
Twirl Crevat strings, but write Lampoons no more;
Rhymesters get Wit, ere they pretend to shew it,
Nor think a Game at Crambee makes a Poet:
Else is our Author hopeless of Success,
But then his Study shall be next time less:
He'll find out Ways to your Applause more easie;
That is, write worse and worse, 'till he can please you.



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Father to <i>Beaugard</i> .	Mr. Leigh.
<i>Beaugard</i> .	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Courtine</i> .	Mr. Smith.
<i>Daredevil</i> .	Mr. Underhill.
<i>Theodoret</i> .	Mr. Wiltshire.
<i>Gratian</i> .	Mr. Perin.
<i>Rosard</i> , <i>Gratian's</i> Man.	Mr. Saunders.
<i>Plunder</i> , <i>Beaugard's</i> Man.	Mr. Richards.

W O M E N.

<i>Porcia</i> .	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Lucretia</i> .	Mrs. Butler.
<i>Sylvia</i> , <i>Courtine's</i> Wife.	Mrs. Curren.
<i>Mrs. Furnish</i> , an Exchange- Woman.	Mrs. Osborn.
<i>Phillis</i> , <i>Porcia's</i> Woman.	Mrs. Percival.
<i>Chloris</i> , <i>Lucretia's</i> Woman.	Mrs. Norris.

Six Ruffians, Footmen, a Dwarf, and
Page.

T H E



THE
ATHEIST.

Or, The Second Part of the
Soldier's Fortune.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Beaugard and his Father.

BEAUGARD.

SIR, I say, and say again, no Matrimony;
I'll not be noos'd. Why, I beseech you
Sir, tell me plainly and fairly, what have I
done, that I deserve to be marry'd!

Fath. Why Sauce-box, I, your old Fa-
ther, was marry'd before you were born.

Beau. Ay, Sir, and I thank you, the next thing you
did, was, you begot me; the Consequence of which was
as follows: As soon as I was born, you sent me to Nurse,
where

where I suck'd two Years at the dirty Dugs of a foul-feeding Witch, that liv'd in a thatch'd Sty upon the neighbor'ing Common; as soon as I was big enough, that you might be rid of me, you sent me to a Place call'd a School, to be lash'd and box'd by a thick-fisted Block-head, that could not read himself; where I learn'd no Letters, nor got no Meat, but such as the old *Succubus* his Wife bought at a stinking Price, so over-run with Vermin, that it us'd to crawl home after her.

Fath. Sirrah, it was the more nourishing, and made such young, idle Whoresons as you fat, fat, you Rogue. I remember the young Dog at twelve Years old had a broad, shining, puffed, Bacon Face, like a Cherubim; and now he won't marry.

Beau. My next Removal was home again; and then you did not know what to do with me farther, 'till after a Twelvemonth's Deliberation, out of abundance of Fatherly Affection and Care of your Posterity, you very civilly and fairly turn'd me out of your Doors.

Fath. The impudent, rermagant, ungrateful Varlet rebell'd with too much Plenty, and took up Arms against my Concubine. Turn'd you out of my Doors!

Beau. Yes, turn'd me out of Doors, Sir.

Fath. Had I not reason, Master Hector?

Beau. As I had then, so have I now too, Sir, more Manners than to dispute the Pleasure of a Father.

Fath. Nay, the Rogue has Breeding, that's the truth on't; the Dog would be a very pretty Fellow, if I could but perswade him to marry.

Beau. Turn'd out of Doors as I was, you may remember, Sir, you gave me not a Shilling; my Industry and my Virtue was all I had to trust to.

Fath. Bless us all! Industry and Virtue, quoth a! Nay, I have a very virtuous Son and Heir of him, that's the Truth on't.

Beau. 'Till at last a good Uncle, who now, Peace be with his Soul, sleeps with his Fathers, bestow'd a Portion of two hundred Pounds upon me, with which I took Shipping, and set Sail for the Coast of Fortune.

The SOLDIER'S FORTUNE. 15

Fath. That is to say, you went to the Wars, to learn the liberal Arts of Murder, Whoredom, Burning, Ravishing, and a few other necessary Accomplishments for a young Gentleman to set up a Livelihood withal, in this Civil Government, where (Heav'n be prais'd) none of those Virtues need grow rusty.

Beau. Sir, I hope I have brought you no Dishonour Home with me.

Fath. Nay, the *Scanderbeg-Monkey* has not behav'd himself unhandsonely, that's the Truth of the Business. But the Varlet won't marry: the Dog has got two thousand Pound a Year left him by an old curmudgeonly mouldy Uncle, and I can't perswade him to marry.

Beau. Sir, that curmudgeonly mouldy Uncle you speak of, was your elder Brother, and never married in all his Life: He dying, bequeath'd me two thousand Pound a Year: You, Sir, the younger Brother, and my honour'd Father, have been marry'd, and are not able, for ought I can perceive, to leave me a bent Ninepence. So, Sir, I wish you a great deal of Health, long Life, and merry as it has been hitherto; but for Marriage, it has thriven so very ill with my Family already, that I am resolv'd to have nothing to do with it.

Fath. Here's a Rogue! here's a Villain! why, Sirrah, you have lost all Grace; you have no Duty left; you are a Rebel: I shall see you hang'd, Sirrah. Come, come, let me examine you a little, while I think on't: What Religion are you of? ——— *hah?* ———

Beau. Sir, I hope you took care, after I was born, to see me Christen'd.

Fath. Oh Lord! Christen'd! here's an Atheistical Rogue, thinks he has Religion enough, if he can but call himself a Christian!

Beau. Why, Sir, would you have me disown my Baptism?

Fath. No, Sirrah: but I would have you own what sort of Christian you are though.

Beau. What sort, Sir?

Fath. Ay, Sir, what sort, Sir.

Beau. Why, of the honestest sort.

Fath.

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Fath. As if there were not Knaves of all sorts!

Beau. Why then, Sir, if that will satisfy you, I am of your sort.

Fath. And that, for ought you know, may be of no sort at all.

Beau. But, Sir, to make short of the matter, I am of the Religion of my Country, hate Persecution and Penance, love Conformity, which is going to Church once a Month, well enough; resolve to make this transitory Life as pleasant and delightful as I can; and for some sower Reasons best known to my self, resolve never to marry.

Fath. Look me in the Face; stand still, and look me in the Face. So; you won't marry? —

Beau. No, Sir.

Fath. Oh Lord!

Beau. But I'll do something that shall be more for your good, and perhaps may please you as well. Knowing Fortune of late has not been altogether so good-natur'd as she might have been, and that your Revenues are something anticipated, be pleas'd, Sir, to go home as well satisfy'd as you can, and my Servant shall not fail to meet you at your Lodgings, with a hundred smiling Smock-fac'd Guineas within this half Hour: Now who the Devil would marry?

Fath. No Body that has half an Ounce of Brains in his Noddle. The ungodly good-natur'd Rogue is in the right on't; damnably, damnably in the right on't.

Beau. So, here's your Father for you now!

Fath. But look you *Jack* now, little *Jack*, two thousand Pound a Year! Why thou wilt be a damnable rich Rogue now, if thou dost not marry; tho' I know thou wilt live bravely and deliciously, eat and drink nobly, have always half a dozen honest, jolly, true-spirited, spritely Friends about thee, and so forth, hab! Then for Marriage, to speak the truth on't, it is at the best but a chargeable, vexatious, uneasie sort of Life; it ruin'd me, *Jack*, utterly ruin'd thy poor old Father, *Jack*. Thou wilt be sure to remember the hundred Pound, *Jackie-boy*, hab?

Beau.

The SOLDIER'S FORTUNE. 17

Beau. Most punctually, Sir.

Fath. Thou shalt always, ever now and then, that is, lend thy old Father a hundred Pound, or so, upon a good Occasion, *Jack*, after this manner, in a Friendly way: You must make much of your old Daddy, *Jack*: But if thou had'st no mind to't, the truth on't is, I would never have thee marry.

Beau. Not marry, Sir?

Fath. No.

Beau. No?

Fath. No! A hundred Pound, *Jack*, is a pretty little round Sum.

Beau. I'll not fail of sending it.

Fath. Then, *Jack*, it will do as well to let thy Man come to me to *Harry the Eighth's Head* in the Back-Street, behind my Lodgings: There's a Cup of smart Racy Canary, *Jack*, will make an old Fellow's Heart as light as a Feather. Ah, little *Jackie*-Rogue, it glorifies through the Glass, and the Nits dance about in't like Atoms in the Sun-shine, you young Dog.

Beau. Do you intend to dine there, Sir?

Fath. Ay, Man; I have two or three bonny old *Tilbury* Roysterers, with delicate red Faces, and bald Crowns, that have oblig'd me to meet 'em there; they help'd me to spend my Estate when I was young, and the Rogues are grateful, and don't forsake me now I am grown poorish and old——Almost twelve a Clock, *Jack*.

Beau. I'll be sure to remember, Sir.

Fath. And thou wilt never marry!

Beau. Never, I hope, Sir.

Fath. Ah, you wicked-hearted Rogue, I know what you will do then, that will be worse; tho', I think, not much worse neither. Would I were a young Fellow again, but to keep him Company for one Week or a Fortnight. A hundred Guineas! e e e e! Db'uy *Jack*. You'll remember? See thee again To-morrow, *Jack*,——poor *Jack*! dainty Canary——and a delicate black-ey'd Wench at the Bar! Db'uy *Jack*. [Exit.]

Beau. Adieu, Father.——*Fourbine.*

Enter Fourbine.

Four. Did your Honour call?

Beau.

Beau. Take a hundred Guineas out of the Cabinet, and carry 'em after the old Gentleman to his Place of Rendezvous. This Father of mine (Heav'n be thank'd) is a very ungodly Father: He was in his Youth just such another wicked Fellow as his Son *John* here; but he had no Estate, there I have the better of him: For out of meer Opinion of my good Husbandry, my Uncle thought fit to disinheret the extravagant old Gentleman, and leave all to me. Then he was marry'd, there I have the better of him again; yet he marry'd, a Fortune of ten thousand Pound, and before I was seven Years old, had broke my Mother's Heart, and spent three parts of her Portion: Afterwards he was pleas'd to retain a certain Familiar Domestick, call'd a House keeper, which I one Day, to shew my Breeding, call'd Whore, and was fairly turn'd a starving for it. Now he has no way to squeeze me out of Contribution, but by taking up his Fatherly Authority, and offering to put the Penal Law call'd Marriage-in-Execution. I must e'en get him a Governour, and send him with a Pension into the Country: Ay, it must be so; For, Wedlock, I deny thee; Father, I'll supply thee; and Pleasure, I will have thee. Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh, Sir, the most fortunate Tidings!

Beau. What's the Matter?

Serv. Captain *Courtine*, your old Acquaintance, Friend, and Comrade, is just arriv'd out of the Country, and desires to see you, Sir.

Beau. *Courtine*! Wait on him up, you Dog, with Reverence and Honour.

Enter Courtine.

Cour. Dear *Beaugard*!

Beau. Ah, Friend! — from the very tenderest part of my Heart I was just now wishing for thee. Why thou look'st as like a marry'd Man already, with as grave a fatherly famelick Countenance, as ever I saw.

Cour. Ay, *Beaugard*, I am marry'd, that's my Comfort; But you, I hear, have had worse Luck of late; an old Uncle drop'd into the Grave, and two thousand Pound a Year into your Pocket, *Beaugard*.

Beau.

The SOLDIER'S FORTUNE. 19

Beau. A small Conveniency, *Ned*, to make my Happiness hereafter a little more of a piece than it has been hitherto, in the Enjoyment of such hearty, sincere, honest Friends, and good-natur'd Fellows, as thou art.

Conr. Sincere, honest Friends! have a Care there, *Beau-gard*——I am, since I saw thee, in a few Words, grown an arrant Rascal; and for Good-nature, it is the very thing I have solemnly forsworn: No, I am marry'd, *Jack*, in the Devil's Name, I am marry'd.

Beau. Marry'd! That is, thou call'st a Woman thou likest by the Name of Wife: Wife and t'other thing begin with a Letter. Thou liest with her when thy Appetite calls thee, keepest the Children thou begettest of her Body; allowest her Meat, Drink, and Garments, fit for her Quality, and thy Fortune; and when she grows heavy upon thy Hands, what a Pox 'tis but a Separate-maintenance, kiss and part, and there is an End of the Business.

Conr. Alas *Beau-gard*, thou art utterly mistaken; Heav'n knows it is quite on the contrary: For I am forc'd to call a Woman I do not like, by the Name of Wife; and lie with her, for the most part, with no Appetite at all; must keep the Children that, for ought I know, any Body else may beget of her Body; and for Food and Raiment, by her Good-will she would have them both fresh three times a Day: Then for kiss and part, I may kiss and kiss my Heart out, but the Devil a bit shall I ever get rid of her.

Beau. Alas, poor Husband! but art thou really in this miserable Condition?

Conr. Ten times worse, if possible: by the Vertue of Matrimony, and long Cohabitation, we are grown so really one Flesh, that I have no more Inclination to hers, than to eat a piece of my own. Then her Ladyship is so jealous, that she does me the Honour to make me Stallion in general to the whole Parish, from the Parson's Importance in Paragon, to the Cobler's scolding Wife, that drinks Brandy, and smokes loathsome Tobacco. In short *Jack*, she has so order'd the Business, that I am half
weary.

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weary of the World, with all Mankind hang'd, and have not laugh'd these six Months.

Beau. Ha, ha, ha.

Cour. Why, thou canst laugh, I see, though.

Beau. Ay, *Ned*, I have two thousand Pound *per Annum*, *Ned*, old Rents, and well Tenanted; have no Wife, nor never will have any, *Ned*; resolve to make my Days of Mortality all Joyful; and Nights Pleasurable, with some dear, lovesome, young, beautiful, kind, generous She, that every Night shall bring me all the Joys of a new Bride, and none of the Vexations of a worn-out, insipid, troublesome, jealous Wife, Wife, *Ned*,

Cour. But where lies this Treasure? Where is there such a Jewel to be found?

Beau. Ah, Rogue! Do you despise your own Manna indeed, and long after Quails? Why, thou unconscionable Hobnail, thou Country Coulstaff, thou absolute Piece of thy own dry'd Dirt, wouldst thou have the Impudence, with that hideous Beard, and grisly Countenance, to make thy Appearance before the Footstool of a *Bona Roba* that I delight in? For shame get off that *Smithfield* Horse-courser's Equipage; appear once more like *Courtine* the Gay, the Witty, and Unbounded, with Joy in thy Face, and Love in thy Blood, Money in thy Pockets, and good Cloaths on thy Back; and then I'll try to give thee a *Recipe* that may purge away those foul Humours Matrimony has bred in thee, and fit thee to relish the Sins of thy Youth again. Bless us! What a Beard's there? It puts me in mind of the blazing Star.

Cour. Beard, *Beaugard*! Why, I wear it on purpose, Man; I have wish'd it a Furze-bush a thousand times, when I have been kissing my ———

Beau. Whom?

Cour. Wife. — Let me never live to bury her, if the word Wife does not stick in my Throat.

Beau. Then this Peruque! Why, it makes thee shew like the Sign of a Head looking out at a Barber's Window.

Cour. No more, no more; all shall be rectified: For, to deal with thee as honestly, as a Fellow in my damn'd Condition can do, ere I resolv'd absolutely to hang my self,

The SOLDIER'S FORTUNE. 21

Self, I thought there might be some Remedy left; and that was this dear Town, and thy dear Friendship: So that, in short, I am very fairly run away; pretended a short Journey to visit a Friend, but came to *London*; and if it be possible, will not see Country, Wife, nor Children again these seven Years. Therefore, pr'ythee, for my better Encouragement, tell me a little what Sins are stirring in this noble Metropolis, that I may know my Bus'ness the better, and fall to it as fast as I can.

Beau. Why, 'faith, *Ned*, considering the Plot, the Danger of the Times, and some other Obstructions of Trade and Commerce, Iniquity in the general has not lost much Ground. There's Cheating and Hypocrisy still in the City; Riot and Murder in the Suburbs; Grinning, Lying, Fawning, Flattery, and False-promising at Court; Affignations at *Covent-Garden Church*; Cuckolds, Whores, Pimps, Panders, Bawds, and their Diseases, all over the Town.

Cour. But what Choice Spirits, what extraordinary Reascals may a Man oblige his Curiosity withal?

Beau. I'll tell thee. In the first place, we are over-run with a Race of Vermin they call Wits, a Generation of Insects that are always making a Noise, and buzzing about your Ears, concerning Poets, Plays, Lampoons, Libels, Songs, Tunes, soft Scenes, Love, Ladies, Peruques, and Crevat-strings, *French Conquests*, Duels, Religion, Snuff-boxes, Points, Granitures, Mill'd Stockings, *Fourbert's Academy*, Politicks, Parliament-Speeches, and every thing else which they do not understand, or would have the World think they did.

Cour. And are all these Wits?

Beau. Yes, and be hang'd to 'em, these are the Wits.

Cour. I never knew one of these Wits in my Life, that did not deserve to be Pillory'd; twenty to one if half of 'em can read, and yet they will venture at Learning as familiarly, as if they had been bred in the *Vatican*. One of 'em told me one day, he thought *Plutarch* well done would make the best *English Heroick Poem* in the World. Besides, they will rail, cavil, censure, and what is worst of all, make Jest; the dull Rogues will Jest, though they

do

do it as awkwardly as a Tarpawling would ride the great Horse. I hate a pert, dally, jesting Rogue from the bottom of my Heart.

Beau. But above all, the most abominable is your Witty Squire, your young Heir that is very Witty; who having newly been discharged from the Discretion of a Governour and come to keep his own Money, gets into a Cabal of Coxcombs of the third Form, who will be sure to cry him up for a fine Person, that he may think all them so.

Cour. Oh, your Asses know one another's Nature exactly, and are always ready to nabble, because it is the certain way to be nabbed again: But above all the rest, what think you of the Atheist?

Beau. By this good Light, thou hast prevented me: I have one for thee of that Kind, the most unimitable Varlet, and the most insufferable Stinkard living: one that has Doubts enough to turn to all Religions, and yet would fain pretend to be of none: In short a Cheat, that would have you of Opinion that he believes neither Heaven nor Hell, and yet never feels so much as an Ague-fit, but he's afraid of being damn'd.

Cour. That must be a very noble Champion, and certainly an Original.

Beau. The Villain has less Sincerity than a Bawd, less Courage than a Hector, less Good-nature than a Hangman, and less Charity than a Phanatique; talks of Religion and Church-Worship as familiarly as a little Courrier does of the Maids of Honour; and swears the King deserves to be chain'd out of the City, for suffering Zealous Fools to build *Pauls* again, when it would make so proper a Place for a Citadel.

Cour. A very worthy Member of a Christian Commonwealth, that is the Truth on't.

Beau. I am intimately acquainted with him.

Cour. I honour you for't with all my Heart, Sir.

Beau. After all, the Rogue has some other little tiny Vices, that are not very ungrateful.

Cour. Very probable,

Beau.

The SOLDIER'S FORTUNE. 23

Beau. He makes a very good odd Man at *Ballum rancum*, so; that is, when the rest of the Company is coupled, will take Care to see there's good Attendance paid; and when we have a Mind to make a *Ballum* of it indeed, there is no Lewdness so scandalous that he will not be very proud to have the Honour to be put upon.

Cour. A very necessary Instrument of Damnation, truly.

Beau. Besides, to give the Devil his Due, he is seldom impertinent; but, baring his darling Topick, Blasphemy, Companion pleasant enough. Shall I recommend him to thy Service? I'll enter into Bonds of five hundred Pounds, that he teaches thee as good a way to get rid of that Whip and a Bell, call'd thy Wife, as thy Heart would wish for.

Cour. And that is no small Temptation, I assure you,

Enter Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Sir!

Beau. My Child!

Cour. A Pimp, for a Guinea, he speaks so gently to him?

Beau. Tell her she has undone me, she has chosen the only Way to enslave me utterly; tell her, my Soul, my Life, my future Happiness, and present Fortune, are only what she'll make 'em.

Boy. At Seven, Sir.

Beau. Most infallibly.

Cour. Ay, ay, 'tis so: Now what a damn'd Country-itch have I, to dive into the Secret! *Beaugard, Beaugard*, are all things in readiness? the Husband out of the Way, the Family dispos'd of? Come, come, come, no trifling; be free-hearted and friendly.

Beau. You are married, *Nad*, you are married; that's all I have to say: you are married.

Cour. Let a Man do a foolish thing once in his Lifetime, and he shall always hear of it——Married, quoth 'a! Pr'ythee be patient: I was married about a Twelve-month ago, but that's past and forgotten, Come, come, communicate, communicate, if thou art a Friend, communicate.

Beau. Not a Tittle. I have Conscience, *Nad*, Conscience; tho' I must confess 'tis not altogether so Gentleman-

man-like a Companion. But what a Scandal would it be upon a Man of my sober Demeanor and Character, to have the unmerciful Tongue of thy Legitimate Spouse roaring against me, for Debauching her Natural Husband!

Cour. It has been otherwise, Sir.

Beau. Ay, ay, the time has been, *Courtine*, when thou wert in possession of thy Natural Freedom, and mightest be trusted with a Secret of this dear Nature; when I might have open'd this Billet, and shew'd thee this bewitching Name at the bottom: But woe and alas! O Matrimony, Matrimony! what a Blot art thou in an honest Fellow's Scutcheon!

Cour. No more to be said; I'll into the Country again, like any discontented Statesman; get drunk every Night with an adjacent Schol-master; bear my Wife to a down-right Housekeeper; get all my Maid-Servants every Year with Bastards, 'till I command a *Seraglio* five miles round my own Palace, and be beholden to no Man of two thousand Pound a Year for a Whore, when I want one.

Beau. Good Words, *Ned*, good Words, let me advise you; none of your Marriage-qualities of Scolding and Railing, now you are got out of the turbulent Element. Come hither, come; but first let us capitulate: Will you promise me, upon your Conjugal Credit, to be very governable, and very civil?

Cour. As any made Spanish or hang me up for a Cur.

Beau. Then this Note, this very Billet, *Ned*, comes from a Woman, who, when I was strowling very pensively last Sunday to Church, watch'd her Opportunity, and poach'd me up for the Service of Satan.

Cour. Is she very handsome, *Beaugard*?

Beau. These Country Squires, when they get up to Town, are as termagant after a Wench, as a ty'd-up hungry Cur, got loose from Kennel, is after Crusts. Very handsome, said you? Let me see: No, not very handsome neither; but she'll pass, *Ned*, she'll pass.

Cour. Young?

Beau. About Eighteen.

Cour. Oh Lord!

Beau.

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Beau. Her Complexion fair, with a glowing Blush always ready in her Cheeks, that looks as Nature were watching every Opportunity to seize and run away with her.

Cour. Oh the Devil, the Devil! This is intollerable.

Beau. Her Eyes black, sparkling, spritful, hot, and piercing.

Cour. The very Description of her shoots me through my Liver.

Beau. Her Hair of a delicate light Amber-brown, curling in huge Rings, and of a great Quantity.

Cour. So.

Beau. Her Forehead large, majestic, and generous.

Cour. Very well.

Beau. Her Nose neat, and well-fashion'd.

Cour. Good.

Beau. With a delicious, little, pretty, smiling Mouth.

Cour. Oh!

Beau. Plump, red, blub Lips.

Cour. Ah h——

Beau. Teeth whiter than so many little Pearls; a bewitching Neck, and tempting, rising, swelling Breasts.

Cour. Ah h h h h——

Beau. Then such a Proportion, such a Shape, such a Waste——

Cour. Hold: Go no lower, if thou lov'st me.

Beau. But by your leave, Friend, I hope to go something lower, if she loves me.

Cour. But art thou certain, *Beaugard*, she is all this thou hast told me? So fair, so tempting, so lovely, so bewitching?

Beau. No; for, you must know, I never saw her Face in my Life: But I love my own Pleasure so well, that I'll imagine all this, and ten times more, if it be possible.

Cour. Where lives she?

Beau. That I know not neither; but my Orders are to meet her fairly and squarely this Evening by Seven, at a certain civil Person's Shop in the upper Walk, at the New Exchange, where she promises to be very good-natur'd, and let me know more of her Mind.

Cour. I'll e'en go home, like a miserable Blockhead as I am, to my Lodging, and sleep.

Beau. No, *Ned*: Thou knowest my good Chances have always been lucky to thee: Who can tell but this Lady-errant that has seiz'd upon my Person, may have a strag-gling Companion, or so, not unworthy my Friend?

Cour. 'Tis impossible.

Beau. Not at all; for, to deal heartily with thee in this Business, tho' I never saw her Face, or know who she is, yet thus far I am satisfy'd, she is a Woman very witty, very well bred, of a pleasant Conversation, with a generous Disposition, and what is better than all, if I am not extremely misinform'd, of noble Quality, and damnably Rich. Such a one cannot want good, pretty, little, Under-finers, *Ned*, that a Man may fool away an Hour or two withal very comfortably.

Cour. Why then I'll be a Man again. Wife, avaut, and come not near my Memory; Impotence attends the very Thoughts of thee. At Seven, you say, this Evening?

Beau. Precisely.

Cour. And shall I go along with thee, for a small Ven-ture in this Love-Voyage?

Beau. With all my Heart.

Cour. But how shall we dispose of the burdensome Time, 'till the happy Minute smile upon us?

Beau. With Love's best Friend, and our own honest old Acquaintance, edifying *Champaign*, *Ned*; and for good Company, tho' it be a Rarity, I'll carry thee to dine with the best I can meet with, where we'll warm our Blood and Thoughts with generous Glasses, and free-hearted Converse, 'till we forget the World, and think of nothing but immortal Beauties, and eternal Loving.

Cour. Then here I strike the League with thee:

And now

Methtinks we're both upon the Wing together,
Bound for new Realms of Joy, and Lands of Pleasure:
Where Men were never yet enslav'd by Wiving,
But all their Cares are handsomly contriving
To improve the noble Arts of perfect Living.

Ex. }
A C T

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ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Courtine and Beaugard.

Cour. BUT was that thy Father?

Beau. Yes, that civil, sober, old Gentleman, *Courtine*, is my Father: And, to tell thee the Truth, as Wicked and as Poor as ever his Son was. I sent him a Cordial of a hundred Guineas this Morning, which he will be sure to lose all before to-morrow Morning, and not have a Shilling to help himself.

Cour. Methoughts, as I look'd into the Room, he rattled the Box with a great deal of Grace, and swore half a Dozen Rappers very youthfully.

Beau. Pr'ythee no more on't, 'tis an irreverent Theme; and next to Atheism, I hate making merry with the Frailties of my Father.

Cour. But then as to the Lady, *Beaugard*?

Beau. 'Tis near the Hour appointed, and that's the Shop we meet at; the Mistress of it, *Courtine*, is a hearty Well-wisher to the Mathematicks; and her Influence, I hope, may have no ill Effect o'er my Adventure.

Cour. Methinks this Place looks as it were made for Loving: The Lights on each hand of the Walk look state-ly; and then the Rustling of Silk Petticoats, the Din and the Chatter of the pretty little party-colour'd Parrots, that hop and flutter from one side to th' other, puts every Sense upon its proper Office, and sets the Wheels of Nature finely moving.

Beau. Would the Lady of my Motion would make haste, and be punctual; the Wheels of my Nature move so fast else, that the Weight will be down before she comes.

Wom. Gloves or Ribbons, Sir? Very good Gloves or Ribbands, Choice of fine Essences. Captain *Beaugard*, shall I sell you nothing to-day?

Beau. Truly, Mistress *Furnish*, I am come to lay out a Heart at your Shop this Evening, if my pretty Merchant-Adventurer don't fail to meet me here.

B 2

Wom.

Wom. What, she that spoil'd your Devotion o' Sunday last, Captain?

Beau. Dost thou know her, my little *Furnish*?

Wom. There is a certain Lady in the World, Sir, that has done me the Honour to let me see her at my poor Shop sometimes.

Enter Porcia mask'd, and stands behind Beaugard.

Beau. And is she very lovely?

Wom. What think you, Sir?

Beau. Faith, charitably enough.

Wom. I'll swear she is oblig'd to you.

Beau. And I wou'd very fain be oblig'd to her too, if 'twere possible. Will she be here to-night?

Por. Yes marry will she, Captain.

Beau. Are you there indeed, my little *Picaroon*? What, attack a Man of War of my Burden in the Stern, Pirate!

Por. Lord, how like a Soldier you are pleas'd to express your self now? I warrant you, to carry on the Metaphor, you have forty more merry things to say to me upon this Occasion; as, plying your Chafe-guns, laying your self athwart my Harfen, boarding me upon the Forecastle, clapping all under Hatches, carrying off the Prize to the next Port of Security, and there rummaging and rifling her. Alas, poor Captain!

Conr. Poor, Madam! He has Two thousand a Year, and nothing but an old Father to provide for.

Por. Sir, is this fine, sober, brown-bearded Gentleman to be your Steward, he understands your Affairs so well already?

Beau. The Truth on't is, Madam, he does wait for an Office under me, and may in time, if he behave himself handsomly, come to Preferment.

Conr. This I have got by my Beard already. If she should but know me now,

Beau. Well, Madam, are your Commands ready? May I know the Task I am to undertake, before I lay claim to the Happiness of seeing that handsome, homely, fair, black, young, ancient, tempting, or frightful Face which you conceal so maliciously? For hang me, as I have de-

served

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served long ago, if I know what to make of this extraordinary proceeding of yours.

Por. In the first place, Captain, this Face of mine, be it what it will, if you behave your self as you should do, shall never put you out of Countenance.

Beau. In troth, and that's said kindly.

Por. For I am young, Captain.

Beau. I am glad on't with all my Heart.

Por. And if the World speaks truth, not very ugly.

Beau. So much the better still.

Por. Next, I'm no Hypocrite.

Beau. Ha! oh! you are a good one.

Por. But love my Pleasures, and will hold my Liberty.

Beau. Noble.

Por. I am rich too.

Beau. Better and better.

Por. But what's worst of all---

Beau. Out with't.

Por. I doubt I am fillily in Love.

Cour. With whom, dear Miracle?

Por. Not with a marry'd Man, sweet Monsieur Courtier.

Cour. Confound her, but she knows me---

Why good Madam---

Beau. Nay, Friend, no ruffling; keep your Articles

and keep your Distance.

Por. Have you then made your Escape, Sir, from your

dear Wife, the Lady-Tyrant of your Enchanted Castle in

the Country, to run a wandering after new Adventures

here? Oh! all the Windmills about London beware!

Cour. Ay, and the Watermills too, Madam.— In the

Devil's Name, what will become of me!

Por. For the Quixot of the Country is abroad; Murder

by his Side, Enterprises in his Head, and Horror in his

Face.

Cour. Oh Lord!

Beau. Do you know this Friend of mine then, Madam?

Por. I have heard of such a Hero, that was very fa-

mous about two Years since for selling himself to a

Plan.

Plantation, the Country, for Five thousand Pound: Was not that the Price, Sir?

Conr. Your Ladyship is pleas'd to be very free, Madam, that's all.

Por. So were you at that time, Sir, or you had ne'er parted with your dear Liberty on such reasonable Terms surely. Bless us! Had you but look'd about you a little, what a Market might have been made of that tall, proper, promising Person of your's! that——

Cour. Hell confound thee, heartily, heartily.

Por. That Face, which now, o'er-grown with ruful Beard, looks as you had stole it from the Retinue of a *Russian* Embassie! Fough! I fancy all Fellows that are marry'd smell of Train-oil and Garlick.

Beau. And yet twenty to one, that is a stinking Condition you'll have a Design to seduce some poor doating Monster or another into, one Day.

Por. Never, by that Badge of Slavery, his Beard there.

Beau. How that dear Protestation has charm'd me!

Cour. O' my Conscience I my self could be half reconcil'd to her again too.

Por. In short, to give you one infallible Argument, that I never will marry, I have been marry'd already, that is sold: For being the Daughter of a very rich Merchant, who dying left me the only Heiress of an immense Fortune, it was my ill Luck to fall into the Hands of Guardians, that, to speak properly, were Rascals; for in a short time they conspir'd amongst themselves, and for base Bribes, betray'd, sold, and marry'd me to a——Husband, that's all.

Beau. In troth, and that's enough of Conscience: But where is this Husband?

Por. Heav'n be thanked, dead and bury'd, Captain.

Beau. Amen, with all my Heart.

Cour. A Widow, by my Manhood, a downright Bawdy Widow.

Por. What would your Cream-pot in the Country give for that Title, think you?

Cour. Not more than I would, that thy Husband were alive again to revenge my Quarrel on thee.

Beau.

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Beau. And what's to be done, thou dear One?

Por. Look upon me as a Lady in distress, Captain; and by the Honour of a Soldier consider on some way for my Deliverance.

Beau. From what? Where is the Danger?

Por. Every way it threatens me: For into the very Hands my ill Fortune threw me before, has it betray'd me again, Friend.

Beau. Hah!

Por. The Principal is an Uncle, old, jealous, tyrannical, and covetous.

Beau. Hell confound him for it.

Por. My Fortune lying most in his Hands, oblig'd me upon my Widowhood to give up my self again there too, where he has secur'd and confin'd me with more Tyranny, than if I had been a Pris'ner for Murder; guards me Day and Night with ill-look'd Rogues, that wear long, broad, terrible Swords, and stand Centinel up and down the House with Musquetoons and Blunderbusses.

Conr. So, here's like to be some Mischief going forward; that's one Comfort.

Por. Murder and Marriage are the two dreadful things I seem to be threatned with: Now guess what Pity it is that ever either of those Mischiefs should fall upon me.

Beau. By the gallant Spirits that's in thee, I'll fairly be Gibbeted first.

Por. No need of that, Captain, neither: For, to shew you I deserve your Protection, I have had the Courage to break Goal, run away, and make my Escape hither, purely to keep my Word with you. Deal like a Man of Honour by me; and when the Storm that will follow is a little blown over, here's a white Hand upon't, I'll not be ungrateful.

Beau. And in token I believe thee, I'll kiss it most Religiously.

Conr. Why the Devil did I marry? Madam, one Word with you: Have you never a marry'd Lady of your Acquaintance, that's as good-natur'd as you, and would fain be a Widow as you are, too?

Por. Why do you ask, Sir?

Cour. Because I would cut her Husband's Throat, and make her one for my own proper Use.

Por. I'll ask your own Lady, Sir, that Question, next time I see her, if you please.

Cour. Why dost thou know her then?

Por. Yes.

Cour. Then I may chance shortly to have a fine time on't: I have made a pretty Evening's Work of this, Heavens be prais'd.

Enter two Men disguis'd.

1 Man. Run away leudly! Damnation!

2 Man. Look!

1 Man. By Heav'n, it must be she.

2 Man. The Men are well arm'd.

1 Man. No matter; we must carry her, or all's lost else.

2 Man. I'll not shrink from you.

1 Man. That's well said.— Sir, if you please, a Word with you.

Beau. With me, Sir?

1 Man. Yes.

Beau. Courtine, be civil a little.

1 Man. Sir, it is my Misfortune to be concerned for the Honour of a Lady that has not been altogether so careful of it her self as she ought to have been.

Beau. I am sorry for't, Sir.

1 Man. You being a Gentleman whose Character I have had an advantageous Account of, I would make it my Petition to you, if she be of your Acquaintance, not to engage your self in any thing that may give me Occasion to be your Enemy.

Beau. Sir, I should be highly glad of any brave Man's Friendship, and should be troubled if I appear concern'd in any thing that may hazard the Loss of yours.

1 Man. That Lady, Sir, you talk'd withal's—

Beau. My Mistress, Sir.

1 Man. Mistress!

Beau. Yes, Mistress, Sir: I love her, doat on her, am damnably in Love with her; she is under my Protection too, and whenever there's Occasion, as far as this sin-

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ful Body of mine will bear me out in it, I'll defend her.

1 Man. Do you know her?

Beau. Not so well as I would do, Sir.

1 Man. What's her Name?

Beau. A Secret.

1 Man. She must along with me, Sir.

Beau. No, that must not be, Sir.

2 Man. This Lady, Sir——

Cour. You lie, Sir——Hah!——*Beaugard!*

[*Draw and fight. Porcia runs away squeaking.* *Cour-*

not time disarms his Adversary, and comes up to Beaugard.

Beau. Stand fast, Ned.

Cour. Hold thy dead-doing Hand,

Thou Son of Slaughter.

1 Man. Sir, there may come a time——

Beau. When you'll learn Manners.

1 Man. And teach 'em you too.

Cour. We are well known.

1 Man. And shall not be forgotten.

Come, Friend.

[*Exeunt two Men.*

Beau. Confound 'em! This must be a Brother, a Kinsman, or a Rival, he ply'd me so warmly.

Cour. 'Tis a hard Case, that a Man cannot hold civil Correspondence with a good-natur'd Female, but presently some hot-headed Fellow of the Family or other runs horn-mad with Jealousie, and fancies his Blood smarts as often as the Woman's itches.

Beau. This heroick Person's Sister, Kinswoman, his Mistress, or what-e'er she be, is like to get much Reputation by his Hectoring and Quarrelling for her; and he as much Honour, by being beaten for her.

Cour. Nay, when Cuckolds or Brothers fight for the Reputation of a back-sliding Wife or Sister, it is a very pretty Undertaking, doubtless. As for Example; I am a Cuckold now.

Beau. All in good time, Ned; do not be too hasty.

Cour. And being much troubled in Spirit, meeting with the Spark that has done me the Honour, with a great deal of respect I make my Address——as thus——

B⁵

Noble

Noble Sir, you have done me the Favour to lie with my Wife.

Beau. Very well.

Cour. All I beg of you, is that you would do your best endeavour to run me through the Guts to-morrow Morning, and it will be the greatest Satisfaction in the World.

Beau. Which the good-natur'd Whore-master does very decently: so down falls the Cuckold at Barn-Elms, and rises again next Day at Holborn in a Ballad. But all this while, what is become of the Widow, Ned?

Cour. Faith she has e'en done very wisely, I think; as soon as she had set us together by the Ears, she very fairly ran for't.

Beau. A very noble Account of our first Evening's Enterprize. But Poxt on't, take Courage; and since we have lost this Quarry, let us e'en beat about a little, and see what other Game we can meet with.

Enter Lucrece Mask'd.

Luc. Sir, Sir! Captain!

Cour. With you again, *Beaugard*. Agare ho!

Beau. With me, my Mistress?

Luc. Yes, with you, my Master.

Cour. I wonder when, o' the Devil's Name, it will come to my turn.

Luc. Being a particular Friend of yours, Captain, I am come to tell you, the World begins to talk very scandalously of you, Captain.

Beau. Look thee, Sweet-heart, the World's an Ass, and common Fame a common Strumpet: so long as such pretty good-natur'd Creatures, as thou seemest to be, think but well of me, let the World be hang'd, as it was once drown'd, if it will.

Luc. I must let you know too, Captain, that your Love-Intreagues are not so closely manag'd, but that they will shortly grow the Subject of all the Satyr and Contempt in Town: Your holding Conversation with a draggle-tail'd Mask, in the Church-Cloysters, on *Sunday*; your meeting with the very Scandal here again, this Evening; suffering your self to be impos'd upon, and jilted by her; and at last running the hazard of a damnable beating

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beating by a couple of plausible Hectors, that made you believe your Mistress had Honour enough to be concern'd for.

Beau. Really, my little Wolf in a Sheep's Fleece, this sounds like very good Doctrine; but what Use must I make of it, Child?

Luc. Methinks, Captain, that should not be so hard to find out; my setting upon you in a Mask my self, and railing at the last Woman that did so before me, might easily inform you, I have a certain design of trying whose Heart's hardest, yours or mine.

Cour. Then, my little Mischief, you should not enter the Lists upon unequal Terms, with that black Armour upon your Face, that makes you look as dreadfully as the Black Knight in a Romance.

Luc. Good Captain, what's that sober Gentleman's Name? For certainly I have seen him before now.

Beau. His Name in the Flesh, my pretty one, is *Courtsine*; a very honest Fellow, good-natur'd, and wicked enough for thy purpose of all Conscience.

Luc. *Courtsine*! Bless us for ever! What, the Man that's marry'd!

Cour. The Man that's marry'd! yes, the Man that's marry'd. 'Sdeath, though I be weary on't, I am not ashamed of my Condition. Why the Devil didst thou tell her my Name? I shall never thrive with any Woman that knows me. The Man that's marry'd! 'Zounds, I am as scandalous as the Man that's to be hang'd.

Luc. But you'll never be thought so handsome. To make few words with you, Sir, I am one that mean you fairer play than such an inconstant, fickle, false-hearted Wanderer as you deserves.

Beau. Then why dost thou conceal thy self? Those whose Designs are fair and noble, scorn to hide their Faces: Therefore give me leave to tell thee, Lady, if thou think'st to make use of me only to create some Jealousie in another Woman, I am no Instrument to be that way manag'd; no, I am constant, I—but if thou lov'st me—

Luc. Have you any more Doubts that trouble you?

Beau. None, by this sweet Body of thine.

Luc.

Luc. Know then, Sir, it has been my Misfortune to watch you, haunt you, and dog you these six Months; being, to my eternal Torment, jealous of that ravenous Kite your Widow, your Widow, Captain: Nay, since I have confess'd my Weakness, know from this Hour I'll defeat all her Ambushes, all the false Baits she lays to ensnare your Heart, 'till I obtain the Victory of it my self, much more my Due, in that I'm not beneath her in Beauty, Birth, or Fortune, or indeed any thing but her Years, Captain; therefore if you have that Merit the World reports of you, make the best use of this present Advice; and so farewell, 'till you hear from me further.

[Exit.]

Beau. Now may I do by my Mistresses as the Boys do by their Farthings, hustle 'em in a Hat together, and go to Heads or Tails for 'em—— Hah! Let me never see Day again, if yonder be not coming towards us the very Rascal I told thee of this Morning, our *faux* Atheist; now will I shew thee as notable a Spirit as ever past upon the ignorant World for a fine Person, and a Philosopher.

Enter Daredevil.

What *Daredevil*, a good Evening to thee: Why, where hast thou been, old Blasphemy, these forty Hours? I shall never be converted from Christianity, if thou dost not mind thy business better.

Dared. Been, quoth a! I have been where I have half lost my honest Senses, Man: Would any Body that knows me, believe it? Let me be bury'd alive if the Rogues of the Parish I live in have not indicted me for a Papist.

Beau. The Devil! a Papist!

Dared. Pox on 'em, a Papist! when the impudent Villains know, as well as I do, that I have no Religion at all.

Cour. No Religion, Sir? Are you of no Religion?

Dared. Is he an honest Fellow, *Beau*?

Beau. Oh, a very honest Fellow; thou mayst trust him with thy Damnation, I'll warrant thee: Answer him, and answer him.

Dared. I never go to Church, Sir.

Cour. But what Religion are you of?

Dared.

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Dared. Of the Religion of the *Inner-Temple*, the Common-Law Religion; I believe in the Law, trust in the Law, enjoy what I have by the Law; For if such a Religious Gentleman as you are get fifty Pounds into my Debt, I may go to Church and pray 'till my Heart akes; but the Law must make you pay me at last.

Cour. 'Tis certainly the fear of Hell, and hopes of Happiness, that makes People live in Honesty, Peace, and Union one towards another.

Dared. Fear of Hell! Hark thee, *Beaugard*; this Companion of thine, as I apprehend, is but a sort of a shallow Monster. Fear of Hell! No, Sir, 'tis fear of Hanging. Who would not steal, or do Murder, every time his Fingers itch'd at it, were it not for fear of the Gallows? Do not you, with all your Religion, swear almost as often as you speak; break and prophane the Sabbath? lie with your Neighbours Wives? and covet their Estates, if they be better than your own? Yet those things are forbid by Religion, as well as Stealing and cutting of Throats are. No, had every Commandment but a Gibbet belonging to it, I should not have had four King's Evidences to-day swear impudently I was a Papist, when I was never at Mass yet since I was born, nor indeed at any other Worship these twenty Years.

Cour. Why then, Sir, between Man and Man, you are really of no Religion?

Dared. May be I am, Sir: may be I am not, Sir: When you come to know me better, twenty to one but you'll be better satisfy'd.

Cour. Does your Honour think there may be a Devil?

Dared. I never saw him, Sir.

Cour. Have you a Mind to see him?

Dared. I'd go fifty Miles barefoot, to see but a Fiend that belong'd to his Family.

Beau. That's a damn'd Lie, to my Knowledge: For I saw the Rogue so fear'd, that his Hair stood upright; but at the sight of a poor black Water-Spaniel, that met him in the dark once.

Cour. What think you of Conscience?

Dared.

Dared. I do not think of it at all, Sir; it never troubles me.

Cour. Did you ever do a Murder?

Dared. I wont tell you.

Cour. Thou art the honestest Fellow for it; I love a friendly Rogue, that can keep such a Secret, at my Heart.

Dared. Do you?

Cour. Ay.

Beau. So, that's well said; now we'll to work with him presently. Dost thou hear, *Daredevil*, this honest Friend of mine is something troubled in Spirit, and wants a little of thy ghostly Advice in a Point of Difficulty.

Dared. Well, and what is't? I shall be civil, and do him all the good I can.

Beau. In few words, he's marry'd, plagu'd, troubled, and Hag-ridden by the eternally-tormenting Witchcraft of a vexatious, jealous Familiar, call'd a Wife.

Dared. A Wife! that ever any Fellow that has but two grains of Brains in his Scull, should give himself the trouble to complain of a Wife, so long as there is Arsenick in the World!

Beau. Nay, it is a meer shame, a scandalous shame, when it is so cheap too.

Cour. Would you have me poison her?

Dared. Poison her! ay, what would you do with her else, if you are weary of her?

Cour. But if I should be call'd to a terrible Account for such a thing hereafter!

Dared. Hereafter! — Cross my Hand with a piece of Silver — that is to say, — give me three Pence — three Pence, my dearest —

Cour. Well, and what then?

Dared. Why, for that inconsiderable Sum I'll be Security for thee, and bear thee harmless for hereafter; that's all.

Beau. Faith, and cheap enough of all Conscience.

Cour. This is the honestest Acquaintance I ever met withal, *Beaugard*,

Beau. Oh, a very honest Fellow, very honest.

Cour. Pr'ythee then, *Daredevil*, if that be thy Title, since we have so happily met this Evening, let us grow more intimate, and eat and drink together.

Dared.

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Dared. Faith and troth, with all my Heart: Pox on me, Boy, but I love Drinking mightily; and to tell ye the truth on't, I am never so well satisfy'd in my out-of-the-way Principles, as when I am drunk, very drunk. Drunkenness is a great Quieter of the Mind, a great Soother of the Spirit.

Beau. And shall we be very free, my little Atheistical disbelieving Dog? Wilt thou open thy Heart, and speak very frankly of Matters that shall be nameless?

Dared. Much may be done; I seldom hide my Talent; I am no Niggard of my Parts that way.

Beau. To tell thee a Secret then, *Daredevil*, we two are this Night, for some weighty Considerations, to give a Treat to the People of the *Duke's* Theatre, after the Play's done, upon their Stage; we are to have the Musick too; and the Ladies, 'tis hop'd, will not deny us the Favour of their fair Company. Now my dear Iniquity, shall we nor, thinkest thou, if we give our Minds to it, pass an Evening pleasantly enough?

Dared. Rot me, with all my Heart: I love the Project of Treating upon the Stage extremely too. But will there, will there be none of the Poets there? Some of the Poets are pretty Fellows, very pretty Fellows; they are most 'em my Disciples in their Hearts, and now and then stand up for the Truth manfully.

Beau. Much may happen: But in the next place, after Supper we have resolved to storm a certain enchanted Castle, where I apprehend a fair Lady, newly enter'd into League with an honest Friend of thine, call'd my self, is kept a Pris'ner, by an old, ill-natur'd, snarling Dog in a Manger, her Guardian. Thou wilt make one at it, wilt thou not, my little *Daredevil*?

Dared. Dam'me, we'll burn the House.

Conr. Dam'me Sir? Do you know what you say? You believe no such thing.

Dared. Words of course, Child, meer Words of course: We use a hundred of 'em in Conversation, which are indeed but in the nature of Expletives, and signifie nothing: as, *Dam'me, Sir; Rot me, Sir; Confound me, Sir;* which purport no more than *So, Sir; And, Sir; or Then, Sir,* at the

the worst: For my part, I always speak what I think; no Man can help thinking what he does think: So if I speak not well, the Fault's not mine.

Beau. Distinguish'd like a Learned School-Divine;

Cour. When meet we at the Play-House then?

Dared. Before the Clock strike Nine.

Beau. Where we'll have Musick, Women, Mirth.

Dared. And very much good Wine. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Beaugard, Courtine, and Daredevil.

Beau. I SURE not this living now? Who that knew the
Sweets of Liberty, the uncontroll'd Delights
the Free-man tastes of, Lord of his own Hours; King of
his own Pleasures, just as Nature meant him first;
Court'd each Minute by all his Appetites,
Which he indulges, like a bounteous Master,
That's still supply'd with various full Enjoyments;
And no intruding Cares make one Thought bitter.

Dared. Very well this; this is all but very well.

Cour. Nay, not one Rub, to interrupt the Course
Of a long rolling, gay, and wanton Life.
Methinks the Image of it is like a Lawn
In a rich flow'ry Vale, its Measure long,
Beauteous its Prospect, and at the End
A shady peaceful Glade, where, when the pleasant Race is
over,

We glide away, and are at rest for ever.

Beau. Who, that knew this, would let himself be a
Slave

To the vile Customs that the World's debauch'd in?
Who'd interrupt his needful Hours of Rest, to arise and
yawn in a Shop upon Cornhill? Or, what's sad bid, make
a sneaking Figure in a great Man's Chamber, at his ris-
ing in a Morning? Who would play the Rogue, Cheat,
Lie,

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Flatter, Bribe, or Pimp, to raise an Estate for a Blockhead of his own begetting, as he thinks, that shall waste it scandalously as his Father got it? Or who, *Courtine*, would marry, to beget such a Blockhead?

Cour. No Body but such a Blockhead as my self, *Beau*, that's certain; but I will, if possible, atone for that in of mine in the future Course of my Life, and grow as zealous a Libertine as thou wouldst wish thy Friend to be.

Dared. These are Rogues that pretend to be of a Religion now! Well, all that I say is, Honest Atheism for my Money.

Beau. No, grant me while I live the easie Being I am at present possess'd of; a kind, fair She, to cool my Blood, and pamper my Imagination withal; an honest Friend or two, like thee, *Courtine*, that I dare trust my Thoughts to; generous Wine, Health, Liberty, and no Dishonour; and when I ask more of Fortune, let her e'en make a Beggar of me. What sayst thou to this, *Daredevil*? Is not this coming as near thy Doctrine as a young Sinner can conveniently?

Dared. Nay, I have very great Hopes of you, that's my Comfort.

Cour. But why did we part with the Women so soon?

Beau. O, *Courtine*, Reputation, Reputation! I am a young Spark, and must stand upon my Credit, Friend; the Rogues that cheat all the Week, and go to Church in clean Bands o' Sunday, will advance no necessary Sums upon my Revenues else, when there may be an Occasion: Besides, I have a Father in Town, a grave, sober, serious old Gentleman, call'd a Father.

Dared. One that will Drink, Rant, Whore, and Game, and is as full of Religion as his worshipful Son here.

Beau. Ha!

Enter Father.

Fath. Very well, very noble, truly Son! This is the Care you are pleas'd to take of my Family! Sit up all Night, Drink, Whore, spend your Estate, and give your Soul to the Devil! a very fine — *Hickup* — This *Aquamirabilis* and the old Hock does not agree with my Stomach.

Beau.

Beau. *Daredevil*, stick to me now, and help me out of a dead lift, or I am lost for ever. — Sir, I hope my being here, has not done you, nor any Friend of yours, an Injury.

Fath. Injury! No, Sir, 'tis no Injury for you to take your swill in Plenty and Voluptuousness — *Hickup* — while your poor Father, Sirrah, must be contented to drink paltry Sack, with dry-boan'd, old, batter'd Rogues, and be thankful. You must have your fine, jolly, young Fellows, and bonny, buxom, brawny-bum'd Whores, you Dog, to revel with, and be hang'd to you, must you! Sirrah, you Rogue, I ha' lost all my Money.

Beau. I am sorry for it, Sir.

Fath. Sorry for it, Sir! — *Hickup* — Is that all?

Dared. If thou art very poor, old Fellow, take a swinging Dose of *Opium* and sleep upon't; 'tis the best thing in the World for old Gentlemen that have no Money. Or wilt thou be good Company? wilt thou sit down and crack a Bottle, old Boy? Hah?

Fath. Heh! crack a Bottle!

Dared. Ay, crack a Bottle: What sayst thou to that comfortable Proposition?

Cour. Come, Sir, here's your good health, and to your better Fortune.

Fath. A very honest Fellow, *Jack*: These are very honest Fellows. What is your Name, Friend?

Dared. My Name is *Daredevil*, Friends of the ancient Family of the *Daredevils* in the North, that have not had a Church in their Parish, Chaplain in their House, Prayers Publick or Private, or Graces at Meals, since the Conquest.

Fath. Sir, I have heard much of your Family; it is a very ancient Honourable Family: and I am glad to find my Son has made choice of such Noble Acquaintance. — Sir, my Service to you. — I protest, a Cup of pretty Claret, very pretty Claret.

Cour. And he has top'd it off, as prettily, I'll say that for him.

Fath. *Jack*, I ha' lost all my Money, *Jack*.

Beau. Have you been robb'd, Sir?

Fath.

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Fath. Robb'd, Sir! No, Mr. Saucy-face, I ha' not been robb'd, Sir, but I ha' been nick'd, Sir, and that's as bad, Sir. You are a worthy Person, and I'll make you my Judge.

Dared. Come along then.

Fath. The Main was Seven, and the Chance Four; I had just thirty Pound upon it, and my last Stake: The Caster threw, nothing came of it; I chang'd his Dice; he threw again, to as little purpose as before.

Dared. Very strange, truly.

Fath. I chang'd his Dice again, he threw again: So he threw, and I chang'd; and I chang'd, and he threw, for at least half an Hour; 'till at last — Do you mark me? — the Dice powd'ring out of the Box —

Dared. That's plain.

Fath. One of 'em trips against the Foot of a Candlestick; and up comes two Deuces, two Deuces, Sir, do you hear? And so I lost my Mony. No, Sir, I was not robb'd, Sir; but I lost it upon two Deuces: and that was so hard Fortune, that I'll hold you, or any Man living, fifty pound to ten, that he does not throw two Deuces before Seven again.

Dared. Two Deuces afore Seven! Two Deuces are not to be thrown, Sir, not to be thrown.

Beau. I am glad to hear you are so rich, Sir.

Fath. Rich, quoth 'a! Pr'ythee be quiet. I am not worth a Shilling, Man. But, Sir, here you are a Lord at large, enjoy your Drink and your Drabs, sit up all Night in the fulness of Iniquity, with worthy Esquire *Daredevil* of the North here, with a Pox to you; whilst I must be kept without a Shilling in my Pocket. — But, Sir, —

Beau. Sir, I sent you a hundred Pound yesterday Morning.

Fath. Well, Sirrah, and I have had ill Luck, and lost it all: What then?

Beau. Sir, to avoid Dispute, shall I make one Proposition to you?

Fath. Heh! With all my Heart. Look you, *Facky-boy*, I am not against thy taking thy moderate Diversions, so long as I see thou keepest good Company, neither.

But

But—sneak what Ready-mony thou hast into my Hand, and send me the rest of t'other Hundred to my Lodging.

Beau. Do you think it reasonable, that as often as two Deuces are thrown before Seven, I must advance a hundred Pound to make the Devil's Bones rattle, Sir?

Fath. Sirrah, you are a Rebel; and I could find in my Heart to cut your Throat. Sir, have you e'er a Father?

Dared. No, Sir.

Fath. No, Sir?

Dared. No, Sir; I broke his Heart long ago, before I came to be at years of Discretion: I hate all Fathers, and always did.

Fath. Oh Lord! Hark you, Sir, what's that Fellow's Profession?

Cour. Oh, an Atheist, Sir; he believes neither God nor the Devil.

Fath. 'Sbud, I'll bristle up to him. Are you an Atheist, Fellow? hoh?

Dared. Yes, Sir, I am an Atheist.

Fath. And what think you will become of you when you die? hoh?

Dared. I shall be buried six Foot under Ground, to prevent stinking, and there grow rotten.

Fath. Oh Lord!

Dared. If I chance to be hang'd, being a lusty Sinewy Fellow, the Corporation of Barber-Chirurgeons, may beg me for an Anatomy, to set up in their Hall. I don't take much care of my self while I am living; and when I am dead, whatever happens to me will never trouble me.

Fath. No more to be said; my Son's in a very hopeful way to be damn'd, that's one Comfort. Impudent Rogue! You keep Company with the Devil's Resident! You converse with Foreign Ministers, and deny your Father a little dirty Mony! Fogh, Poltroon!

Beau. This is very hard, Sir: But if Ten Guineas will do you any Service—

Fath. Ten Guineas? Let me see; ten Guineas are a pretty little piddling Sum, that's the truth on't: but what will it do, Jacky-boy? Serve, may be, to play at Tick-tack in an Afternoon, three Hits up for a Pjece, or so; but

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But when will that recover my Hundred again? Ten Guinea's! Pox o' thy Ten Guinea's. — Well let me see the Ten Guinea's though, — let me see 'em a little. — *Facky-Boy, Facky, Fack,* — You ha' drunk, damnable hard to-night, you Rogue; you are a drunken Dog, I believe. — Han't you had a Whore too, *Facky*? — *ee* — You'll get the Pox, Sirrah, and then — But thou dost, I know a very able Fellow, an old Acquaintance of mine — Ten Guinea's, *Facky*!

Beau. There they are, Sir; and long may they last you.
Fath. Make 'em Twenty, *Facky* rogue; — you Plump-cheek'd, Merry-ey'd Rogue, make 'em twenty — make 'em fifteen then. — *Facky-boy, Facky, Facky,* Do faith.

Beau. Upon my Duty, you have stripp'd me, Sir.

Fath. Then do you hear, Friend, you Atheist, that are so free of your Soul? let us see if you dare venture a little of your Mony now — Come [*Draws out a Box and Dice.*] Seven's the Main: I'll hold you ten Pounds to two, two Deuces does not come before Seven.

Beau. At him, *Daredevil*; Beggar him once more, and then we shall be rid of him.

Dared. Done, Sir, done; down with your Mony.

Fath. Here, you blasphemous Dog. — Dost thou love Hazard?

Dared. Dearly, from the bottom of my Heart, Sir.

Fath. I love thee the better for't: Come along — Seven —

Dared. Right.

Fath. Seven. [*Throws two Deuces.*]

Dared. Two Deuces! — You ha' lost, Sir.

Fath. Dam me, Sir, lay your Hand upon my Mony!

Dared. Dam me, Sir, 'tis my Mony; I won it fairly.

Beau. Now, *Courtine*, now —

Cour. Now look to't, Atheist!

Fath. Son of a Whore, you lie. Thus to my Hat, I sweep the yellow Scoundrels, and draw my Sword in witness they're my own.

Dared. Nay then I'll —

Cour. Hold, Sirs, no drawing Swords, no Quarrelling.

Dared. I am glad on't, with all my Heart; for though I am not much afraid of the Devil, I hate a drawn Sword mortally.

Beau.

Beau. Good Sir ———

Faith. Stand off ——— Dogs, Atheists win my Mony! —
Rascal ——— Good morrow. [Exit,

Beau. 'Till next time two Deuces come before Seven,
 and then I am sure to see or hear from you again infallibly.

Cour. How dost thou intend to dispose of this wild, ex-
 travagant, old Father of thine, *Beaugard*?

Beau. I hope to find him run so far in Debt within
 this Fortnight, that to avoid the Calamity, he shall be forced
 to compound with me for his Freedom, and be contented
 with a comfortable Annuity in the Country: that's all my
 hopes of him.

Cour. Which he'll sell in one Quarter of a Year, and re-
 turn to old London again, for t'other Game at Hazard.

Beau. No, like a wise a Guardian, I'll take care of the
 contrary, lay it too far out of his reach, and tie it too fast
 for him. Why how now, *Daredevil*? What, in the Dumps?
 'Tis an unruly old Gentleman, but yet he has some Religi-
 on in him, *Daredevil*.

Dared. Yes, Pox on him, to cheat me of my Mony.
 'Tis well he was your Father, Sir.

Cour. Why?

Dared. Had he been my own, by these Hilts I would
 have saw'd his old Windpipe afunder upon the Spot. Rob
 me of my Right!

Cour. Does he love Fighting so well then? I thought
 most of your Atheists had not much car'd for that imper-
 tinent Exercise.

Dared. 'Tis a little impertinent, that I'll grant you, for
 honest Fellows to fall out, squabble, and cut one another's
 Throats, to spoil good Company: But when my Honour's
 injur'd ———

Beau. Then, I know, thou art implacable. But for a
 foolish trifling Sum of Mony ———

Dared. Trash, Trash, Dunghil, and Filthiness! I give it
 away to my Wenches and my Servants; we part with it
 to every Body, upon all Occasions. He that values Mony,
 deserves never to have the Benefit of it.

Beau. A very noble Fragment of Philosophy. But, *Cour-*
sine, the Morning is new risen again, and I have received

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Intelligence this Night, by a certain Minister I keep for such Offices, where my poor distressed Widow is held inurance: If thou thinkest there may be any Hopes for thee on the Coast I am bound for, let us embarque together, and good Luck attend us.

Cour. No, I have other Projects o' foot: Marriage has suck'd my Credit so, that no body that knows my Condition cares to dwell with me. Therefore I am resolv'd to set out for new Discoveries, and try how I can thrive where my Name's a Stranger.

Beau. What, this Morning!

Cour. This very Morning: Fortified with *Bourdeaux*, as I am, will I issue forth; and let all straggling Wives, Widows, and Virgins have a care of their Cargo's.

Beau. Nobly resolv'd, and good Fortune guide thee. Thou *Daredevil*, wilt not part with me: thou art more a friend than to leave thy Disciple, when there is good substantial Sinning like to go forward. May be we may do a Murder before we part; something that is very wicked we'll not fail of.

Dared. With all my Heart, let us fire a House or two, poison a Constable and all his Watch, ravish six Cindersomen, and kill a Beadle.

Beau. Shall we do all this?

Dared. Do't! I'll do't my self.

Beau. Thou art the very Spirit of Iniquity.

Enter Footman.

Footm. Sir, Captain *Beaugard*.

Beau. With me, Friend?

Footm. Sir, there is a Mask'd Lady, in a Chair, at the corner of the Street, desires a Word with you instantly.

Beau. Tell her, I'm her Vassal, and will wait on her this Moment. *Courtesy*, good morrow.

Cour. Gone already?

Beau. Trading comes in, Friend, and I must mind my calling, that's all. *Allons, Daredevil.*

Dared. Friend, farewell to thee; if either of us are run through the Lungs, or shot in the Head, before we meet again, let us hear from one another out of the lower World, how matters go there, and what Entertainment they give us.

Cour

48 *The ATHEIST: Or,*

Cour. You shall find me a very civil Correspondent, Sir.
Dared. Farewell!

Cour. The same good Wish to you, Sir. Now will I
 out into the middle of the Street, play at Blind-mans-buff
 by my self, turn three times round, and catch who I can.

SCENE *changes to the Street.* Enter Beaugard and
 Daredevil.

Beau. This should be the Place, and yet I see no Chair.
Dared. Then let us fall to Mischief.

Beau. Pr'ythee a little Patience, tho' it be a Virtue, dear
 Temptation.

Enter another Footman.

Footm. Sir, is your Name Captain Beaugard?

Beau. Yes, my dear Mercury, I am the happy Man.

Footm. Then, Sir, this Letter is for you.

Beau. Stay 'till I read it, Friend.

Footm. Sir, it requires no Answer.

Beau. What Jil's Trick now! — Sir, — to meet us
 with your Swords in your Hands this Morning behind the Cor-
 ner House of — By my Stars, a Challenge from the ter-
 magant Sparks that fell upon us last Night. Why, what a
 deal of Love and Honour have I upon my Hands now?
Daredevil, thou canst fight?

Dared. Why, is there any occasion?

Beau. Only a Challenge, *Daredevil,* that's all. See,
 there's a Breakfast for thee, if thou hast any Stomach to't.

Dared. Idle Rogues, Rascals, Hectors! Never mind
 'em; hang 'em, these are some hungry Varlets that want
 Dinners; let us break the next Windows, and never think
 on't.

Enter six Ruffians.

1 *Ruf.* These are our Quarry; be sure we seize 'em
 both. Is the Coach ready?

2 *Ruf.* At the next Corner.

3 *Ruf.* Fall on then. Sir, you are our Prisoner.

Beau. Villains! Rogues! Thieves! Murder! Thieves!
 Rascals, you'll not murder me?

4 *Ruf.* Nay, Sir, no noise, no struggling, as you tender
 your Safety.

Beau.

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Beau. Daredevil, Dog, Coward, draw thy Sword and rescue me.

Dared. I am terrify'd, amaz'd; some Judgment for my Sins is fallen upon me; alas, I am in Bonds too! Have mercy on my Soul, and don't slay me, Gentlemen.

Beau. Damnation! Blinded! Rascals, Villains, Ruffians! Murder!

Dared. Oh Daredevil, Daredevil, what will become of thee! [Exeunt.]

Enter Theodore and Gratian.

Theod. This Generosity makes good thy Character, Thou that art the bravest Man, and truest Friend. How shall I deserve this from thee?

Grat. I should be unjust, both to my self, and the dear Memory of thy Noble Brother, whose Friendship was so dear to me, should my true Sword be idle in thy Cause. Besides, the Love which I profess to *Porcia*, tells me a Rival must not tamely carry her.

Theod. She is thy Right: my dying Brother, her soon-forgotten Husband, But thy remember'd Friend, with his last Breath thus told me; I have a Friend, *Gratian*, the Man my Heart Has cherish'd most; we from our Youth were Rivals For my dear *Porcia*: Tell him, if I die, I left her to him, as the dearest Legacy I could bequeath: Bid him be tender of her, For she'll deserve it from him.——Would she did.

Grat. Heav'n knows, it is my Curse, spite of her Scorn, to love her even to Madness; nor shall this Man of War, this French-bred Hero, win her with nothing but his Cap and Feather: I wonder he's not come yet.

Theod. I have heard the Man is Gallant; but in honesty, as thou art my Friend, I wish thou wouldst hear good Counsel.

Grat. Thine must be Noble.

Theod. I'd have thee think no more of this proud Woman.

Grat. I wish 'twere possible.

Theod. Their Sex is one gross Cheat; their only Study How to deceive, betray, and ruin Man: They have it by Tradition from their Mothers,

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Which

Which they improve each Day, and grow more exquisite,
Their Painting, Patching, all their Chamber-arts,
And publick Affectations, are but Tricks
To draw fond Men into that Snare, their Love.

Grat. Would this could cure mine.

Theod. When we're caught fast, 'tis then they shew their
Natures,

Grow haughty, proud, to vex the Wretch they've conquer'd;
Tho' the same Hour they glance abroad for new Ones.
Let but a Woman know you're once her Slave,
Give her once Testimony that you love her,
She'll always be thy Torment; jilt, design,
And practise Ends upon thy honest Nature;
So strong is their Antipathy to Truth.

Grat. But let a Fool——

Theod. Oh give 'em but a Fool,
A senseless, noisic, gay, bold bristling Blockhead,
A Rascal with a Feather, and Cravat-string,
No Brains in's Head; a vain, pert, empty Rogue,
That can prune, dance, lisp, or lie very much,
They're lost for ever: They'll give all they have
To Fools, or for 'em.——

Grat. But, my Friend, this granted,
Grant *Porcia* this, and more, as she's the Relict
Of thy dear Brother, and my valu'd Friend,
The Injury she brings upon thy Honour
Must not be slighted; and that's my Cause now.

Theod. There thou o'ercom'st me: Still our Men of
Mettle

Delay their Time; the Day grows late; let's walk
Down by yon' Wall; may be they have miss'd the Place:
Besides, I fancy Company is coming this way, and we
may be prevented.

Methinks I would not lose so fine a Morning, and do no-
thing.

Grat. Nor I.

Enter Sylvius and Lucretia.

Sylv. Oh *Lucrece*, 'twas the Pangs of Jealousie, curst
Jealousie, that brought me hither.

Luc. Where lodg'd you then last Night?

Sylv.

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Sylv. Here, in this House, my Cousin *Porcia's* House: I met her late last Night, just as I alighted, harass'd with my Journey, and the Cause of it: Had she not took pity of me, Heav'n knows how my Perplexities would have disposed me!

Luc. What, in this House?

Sylv. Here, in this very House.

Luc. I'm glad I know it; I'll take such care, it shall not be long a Secret.

Sylv. The Garden opening thus upon the Fields, invited me to take the Morning-air here; for Sleep's a Guest that stays but little with me. Why sigh'st thou, *Lucrece*?

Luc. I'm thinking why my Cousin *Porcia* should chuse this Residence.

Sylv. 'Tis for a Lover, *Lucrece*; *Beaugard* courts her, a Friend and lewd Companion of my false Husband's.

Luc. I know him but too well.

Sylv. Why, dost thou love him?

Luc. So much, that I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep in peace, for the tormenting Thoughts of him.

Sylv. By Heav'n's, I pity thee. Oh have a care of Marriage, *Lucrece*, Marriage; 'twill be thy Bane, and ruin thee for ever. Marriage spoils Faces; How I look with Marriage!

Luc. I see no Change.

Sylv. No Change! I have not slept six Nights in peace since the curst Day I wedded.

Luc. Will then a Husband spoil ones Sleep so sadly?

Sylv. A Husband's, *Lucrece*, like his Wedding-Clothes; Worn gay a Week, but then he throws 'em off, and with 'em too the Lover: Then his Days grow gay abroad, and his Nights dull at home: He lyes whole Months by thy poor-longing Side heavy and useless, comes faint and loth to Bed, turns him about, grunts, snores: and that's a Husband!

Luc. Is *Courtesy* such a one?

Sylv. 'Tis pain to tell thee the Life I lead with him. He's colder to me, than Adamant to Fire; but let him pose amongst my Kitchen-Furniture, my Maids, never was seen so termagant a Towzer: He loves a nasty, foul-fed,

fed, fulsome Drab, and scorns the tender Joys my Arms invite him to. To be despis'd at that rate, so dishonour'd, makes me even curse the Chance that made me Woman: Would I had been any Creature else — See yonder, yonder he comes: Thy Mask, thy Mask, dear *Lucrece*.

Luc. Farewel; I'll away, and leave ye fairly both together. [Exit.]

Enter Courtine.

Cour. What, fly thy Ground, faint Soldier! How, another! Nay then 'twas nobly done; two to one had been odds else: Had it not, pretty one?

Sylv. Why, who are you, Sir?

Cour. Ev'n a wandering Knight that have forsaken my Castle in the Country, and am come up to Town for Pre-ferment truly.

Sylv. And one would think so proper, lusty, a well-made Fellow as you are should not be long out of Employment.

Cour. Dost thou know me, my Dearest?

Sylv. No.

Cour. Then I am sure thou canst have no Exception against me.

Sylv. But suppose I had a Mind to a little farther Acquaintance with you; what then, Sir?

Cour. Why, then thou may'st reasonably suppose that I'll make no evil Use of thy good Inclinations; Faith there are very pretty Gardens hereabouts, let us commit a Trespass for once, break into one of 'em, and roll a Camomile-walk together this Morning.

Sylv. Oh Lord, Sir!

Cour. She's coming already.

Sylv. If I should let you make advantage of my Weakness now, you would be false afterwards, forsake me, and break my Heart.

Cour. Pretty Fool! What innocent Scruples she makes!

Sylv. Have you no other Mistress already? have you no Engagements that will return hereafter upon your Heart to my Prejudice?

Cour. Shall I swear!

Sylv. But han't you truly?

Cour.

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Cour. If I have, may that blue Mountain over our Heads there, fall down and crush me like a pelted Toad.

Sylv. To shew you then that I deserve your Faith——

Cour. What wilt thou shew me?

Sylv. A Face which I am not ashamed of, though you'll perhaps be scandaliz'd when you see it.

Cour. The Devil take me if I am though, so it prove not very horrible indeed.

Sylv. What think you then, Sir, is it such a one as you look'd for?

Cour. My own Wife!

Sylv. Yes, thy unhappy Wife,
Thou false, deceitful, perjur'd, shameless Wretch:
Have I deserv'd this from thee?

Cour. Pox confound her.——

[Takes out a Book and falls a reading.]

Sylv. Is this the Recompence of all my Love?
Did I bestow my Fortune on thy Wants,
Humble my self to be thy Dove-like Wife?
And this is all I'm worth?——

Cour. Wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous Heat;
For what is worth in any thing;
But so much Money as 'twill bring?

[Reads]

Hudibras, Part the Second, Canto the First.

Sylv. Patience direct me! have I wrought my Nature
To utmost Sufferance, and most low Contentment,
Set my poor Heart to cares! have I been blest
With Children by thee: to be left with Scorn,
Cast off, neglected, and abandon'd vilely?
Speak, is not this hard Usage?——

Cour. Umph!

Sylv. Umph! what's Umph!

Cour. Umph, that's I, Child; Umph is I, I, I, my Dear.

Sylv. Death! Death and Torments! Cut my wretched Throat, don't treat me thus: By Heav'n I'll bear't no longer.

Cour. No more.

Sylv. I have done, Sir.

Cour. What do you at *London*!

Sylv. Is it a fault to follow what I'm fond of!

Cour. Can't I enjoy my Pleasures, take my Freedoms; but you must come, and spoil the high-season'd Dish, with your insipid whining senseless Jealousie?

Sylv. Pr'ythee forgive me.——

Cour. Where did you lodge last Night?

Sylv. Here with a Kinswoman,

May be you know her not; her Name is *Porcia*.

Cour. Death! *Beaugard's* Widow! now I am finely fitted, What, at this House?

Sylv. This very House; that Door Opens into the Garden, let us walk there; Won't you go with me, *Courtine*?

Cour. No.

Sylv. Pr'ythee do, Love.

Don't be thus cruel to me.

Cour. Then promise one thing;

And may be my good Nature shall be wrought upon.

Sylv. I'll grant thee any thing; speak, try m'Obedience.

Cour. Then promise me, that during our Abode In this sweet Town, which I love very dearly, That let me ramble, steer what course I will, Keep what late Hours, and as I please employ 'em, That you'll be still an humble, civil Doxy, And pry into no Secret to disturb me.

Sylv. Well, 'tis all granted.

Cour. On then, I'll be dutiful.

Sylv. Enter you first.

Cour. No——

Sylv. Oh, then you'll forsake me;

You seek but opportunity again to leave me.

Cour. Well, since I am trapt thus,

Like a poor Beast that wanted better Pasture,

There is no Replevin, and I must to Pound.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Theodoret, Gratian and Lucretia.

Theod. What, in this House?

Luc. Here, in this very House;

My Cousin *Sylvia*, *Courtine's* jealous Wife,

Coming to Town, lodg'd with her here last Night.

Theod.

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Theod. No more. I gae's the cause we're disappointed.
Do thou go, *Gratian*, muster what Friends 'tis possible;
I'll try my Interest too; we'll storm your Fortrefs,
Enchanted Lady, though your Giant guard it.

SCENE changes to the Inside of a very fair
House, adorn'd with rich Furniture and Lights.

Enter *Ruffians*, with *Beaugard* and *Daredevil*.

Beau. Dogs! Rascals! Villains! how do you intend to
deal with us?

Ruff. Much better than your Language has deserv'd,
Sir. [They unblind 'em.]

Beau. Sirs, for this noble Usage, had I a Sword or Pistol
about me, I would reward ye most amply.

[They all bow and withdraw.]

A Plague of your Civility! where the Devil are we?

Dared. Where are we, quotha! why, we are in a Palace,
Man. Pr'ythee look about thee a little.

Beau. By Heav'n here's a Paradise; hark *Daredevil*!
Musick too!

Dared. I'll be hang'd if 'tis not a bawdy Dancing-School;
some better Whores than ordinary designing a private
Ballum rancum, have pitch'd upon our two proper Persons
for the bus'ness; we are like to have a swinging time on't,
Beaugard.

Beau. A Plague o'your Cowardise! you were whining
and praying just now, and be hang'd to you.

Dared. I praying! Pr'ythee be quiet Man, I never pray'd
in my Life, nor ever will pray: Praying quotha! that's a
merry Jest with all my Heart.

Beau. Impudent *Poltroon*! he said two dozen of *Pater-
noster*s within this half Hour, and every jolt the Coach gave
was afraid the Devil would have torn him to pieces.

Dared. Odd, I like this Contrivance very well: Look,
Beaugard, what comes yonder? 'sheart, two Devils in
Petticoats, how my Guts shrink together!

C 4

Enter

Enter two Black Women.

Beau. Heyday! Lady Blackamores! nay then we are certainly enchanted. What are you two, Maids of Honour to the Queen of Pomonkey? and is this one of her Palaces? Not a Word! —

Dared. How I long now to be familiar with one of those Sooty-fac'd Harlots! I would beget a chopping Black Son of a Whore upon her, in defiance to the Prince of Darkness.

Enter a Dwarf.

Beau. What, another too of the same Complexion? this must be her Majesty's Page.

Dared. A Pimp, I'll warrant him; he's so very little, pert, and dapper, the Rogue looks as if could insinuate himself through a Key-hole.

Dwarf. Welcome, thou best-lov'd Man of the fair World.

Beau. Well, Sir, and what's the Service you have in order to command me?

Dwarf. My Orders are to lead you to repose in a rich Bed prepared for Rest and Love.

Dared. I said it was a Pimp; what a smooth-tongu'd little Rascal 'tis!

Beau. A very pretty sort of an Amusement this: But pr'ythee young *Domine*, why to Bed? 'tis but now Day, and the Sun newly risen; for I have not been a-bed all Night, my little Monster; I know how the time goes, Child.

Dwarf. Such are the Orders of the Power I serve. For you are come along unmeasurable Journey.

Dared. Hah!

Dwarf. Drawn by wing'd Horses through the untract Air.

Beau. A Pox upon thee for a little, black, lying, well-instructed Rascal; but since it is the Custom of the Place, and my last Night's Fatigue requires it, I'll accept of the Offer, and dispense with an Hour or two of Sleep, to fit me for better Exercise when I wake again.

[Sits down in a Chair to be undress'd.]

Dared. Drawn by wing'd Horses through the Air, said he! if this should be true now what would become of us!

Mertho ught

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Methought indeed the Coach whew'd it away a little faster than ordinary.

[While Beaugard is undressing the two Black Women dance.]

Beau. A very notable Entertainment truly, and your little Black Ladyships have tript it most featly. ———

[The Women advance towards him.]

What, and must you take Charge of me now! ——— With all my Heart. *Daredevil*, farewel to thee; but that I am in hopes of a better, I'd invite thee for a Bedfellow.

[Women lead in Beaugard.]

Dared. Bedfellow, quotha! would I were a-bed with any Bedfellow that I was sure had but Flesh and Bones about him.

Dwarf. Come, Sir, you are my Charge.

Dared. I hope your little Impship will be civil to me: Pray, Sir, what Place is this?

Dwarf. A Chrystal Castle built by Enchantment in a Land unknown to any but the Fair One that commands it; The Spirits of the Air keep guard about it, and all obey her Charms.

Dared. Oh Lord! and what Religion is the Lady of?

Dwarf. That's a Secret, you'll know more hereafter.

Dared. Lead on then: Now in the lower World, whence I come lately, were this known,

*How would the Fate in Ballad be lamented,
Of Daredevil the Atheist, that's Enchanted.*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Gratian and Theodoret.

Grat. **T**HES E are your Men of Honour now: I never knew a blustering, roaring, swashing Spark, that, at the bottom, was good for any thing.

Theod. Your faux Braves always put on a shew of more Courage than ordinary; as your beggarly half-Gentlemen
C 5 always

always wear tawdry and finer Cloaths than their Fortune will afford 'em.

Grat. But, to lye conceal'd in private in the House with her!

Theod. Dam' her, she's a Prostitute; has given her self already to his Arms.

Grat. Yet, I'll warrant you, she has an Excuse for that too, if it be so; as, Alas! you know, Woman is but a weak Vessel.

Theod. A Pox o'the weakness of her Vessel! Dam' her! would my Sword were in her Throat! But will our Friends be ready?

Grat. Most punctually. It was an odd old Fellow, that which we met with. Was he certainly *Beaugard's* Father?

Theod. No body can swear that, for his Mother was a Woman; but that merry-conceited old Gentleman has the honour of it: He has the Title, but whose was the Property, that I dare not determine.

Grat. I hope he'll be as good as his Word with us.

Theod. It will not be amiss if it prove so. See, here he comes too.

Enter Father and Fourbine.

Fath. You lie, you Dog; you *Scanderbeg* Varlet, you lie. Do not I know that he sat up all Night with a Consort of Whore-masters and Harlots; and have you the Impudence to tell me he is not at Home? Do not I know, you Villain, that after a Debauch, he will out-snore a *Fleetstreet* Constable and all his Watch, for six Hours; and dare you tell me, he is not at home, you Caterpillar?

Four. Upon the word of a true *Valet de Chambre*, Sir, I deal sincerely and honestly with you.

Fath. No more to be said: But, Sirrah, do you take Notice in his Behalf, and tell him, he shall pay for this: pay for it, do you hear you Mongril? Fob me off with ten stinking Guineas, when I had lost a hundred! Fiends and Furies, I'll not bear it. Good Morrow my little Thunder-bolts! What say you, my tiny brace of Blunder-busses?

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buffes? can I be serviceable? shall we about the Business while it is practicable? hah? ———

Theod. Have you consider'd of it thoroughly, Sir?

Fath. Trouble thy head no farther; I'll do't, my Darling.

Theod. Have you consider'd, Sir, that she is your Son's Mistress?

Fath. So much the better still; I'll swinge her the stoutier, for alienating his Affections from his natural Father.

Grat. But suppose you should meet him too there in her Defence, Sir?

Fath. Still better and better, and better for that very reason; for I would swinge him too with much fatherly Discipline, and teach him the Duty which a Son, with a great deal of Money, owes an honest old Daddy, that has none.

Theod. Very piously resolv'd, this; that's the truth on't. But, Sir, I would have you satisfy'd into the Bargain, that this will be no trifling matter. No Boys Play, old Tilbury.

Fath. Boys Play, Sir? Sir, I can fight, Sir: Though I am an old Fellow, I have a Fox by my side here, that will snarl upon Occasion. Boys Play! I don't understand your Boys Play, Sir ———

Theod. I would not have you take my Plainness ill, Sir: I only hinted it, to deal with you according to an old fashion of Sincerity, which I profess: Sir, I hope you are not offended at it.

Fath. Then, to rectifie all Mistakes, let us fairly have a Breakfast, *hoc Memento*. I have a sort of gnawing Courage, that when it is provok'd, always gives me a Stomach to a savoury Bit, and a cheerful Bottle. I hate to be run through the Guts, with nothing in 'em to keep the Wind out.

Grat. Very well propos'd, I think; for we have more Friends to meet us at a Tavern hard by here, where we intend to wish our Enterprize well in a bonny Bottle or two, and then about it as cheerfully as we can.

Fath.

Fath. Very well said, that: This is a pretty Fellow, I'll warrant him. Now, if my Rebel be run through the Midriff in this Business, I am the next Heir at Law, and the two thousand Pounds a Year is my own, *declare*. Come along my little Spit-fires.

Nous allons.

Brave strippons.

Sans sçavoir ou nous allons.

Six Bumpers in a Hand to him that drills the first Whore-Master through the small Guts.

Grat. We'll pledge it heartily, Sir.

Fath. You are both my honest Boys, my best Children, march along then bravely and boldly. — I must borrow Money of these Fellows before I part with 'em, *Nous allons, Brave strippons.* [Exeunt.

Enter Courtine.

Cour. Oh the unconscionable Importunity of an unfavoury, phlegmatick, cold, insipid Wife! By this good Day, she has kiss'd me 'till I am downright sick; I have had so much of her, that I shall have no Stomach to the Sex again this Fortnight.

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. My Dearest, pray my Dearest, don't thus leave me: By this kind Kifs I beg it.

Cour. Oh, the Devil!

Sylv. Look kindly on me; speak to me. —

Cour. Plague intollerable! —

Sylv. Indeed, my Dear, I love you with such Fondness! Pray speak.

Cour. I cannot.

Sylv. Why? an't you well?

Cour. Oh, there's a sudden Faintness comes o'er my Spirits! Oh, I'm very sick! Leave me, if thou lov'st me, stand off, and give me Air; I die else. Oh h! —

Sylv. I'll kiss thee then to Life again.

Cour. Stand off, I say; I'll not be stifled! Murder! Help! Murder! Help!

Sylv. Ill-natur'd Tyrant!

Cour. Good-natur'd Devil! Kiss, i'th' Devil's Name!

Sylv.

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Sylv. Come near me, Husband.

Cour. Come not near me, Wife. How I am tortur'd! —

Sylv. You must be kind; indeed, my dear, you must.

Cour. Indeed, my dear, by your good Leave, I sha'not,
—— Damnation!

Sylv. You long to be rid of me again.

Cour. That I do most mightily; but how to bring it about, if I know, I am a Rascal. — Oh! Oh!

Sylv. What's the matter, Dearee?

Cour. Oh, I am sick again of the sudden! Give me the Chair there: Oh! my Heart beats, and my Head swims! Oh! oh!

Sylv. Alas, I fear y'are very sick indeed! if my poor Lovce should die, what would become of me!

Cour. A Plague o'your whining! Would I were well out of the House once!

Sylv. Shall I fetch thee some Cordial, my dearest Love, my Joy? Speak to me; shall I? —

Cour. Ay if thou wilt, my Jewel. [*Exit Sylv.*] Jewel quotha! — what a Plague's this: Hush, is she gone? — Now for a convenient Balcony to venture the breaking of a Neck at. —

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, Sir, a word with you.

Cour. With me, Sweetheart? thy Business?

Page. A Lady, Sir, that dog'd you hither this Morning —

Cour. A Lady! —

Page. Yes, a Lady, Sir.

Cour. Hift: Get you in, you little Monkey; skip, sculk; or you'll spoil all else. — Here's the blessed Comfort of a Wife again now: — Oh, oh! —

[*Ex. Page.*]

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. How is't; my Blessing? Here, take this: Heav'n guard thee.

Cour. From thy confounded troublesome Company, if it be possible. —

[*Drinks.*]

Sylv. How is't, my Dearee?

Cour. If I had a little more on't, Dearee.

Sylv. I'll see what's left, my Joy.

Cour.

Cour. Do, Pr'ythee do, my Joy then. Joy in the Devil's Name.

[*Ex. Sylv.*]

Hist, Sirrah Page, come hither.

Enter Page.

Page. Is your Lady gone, Sir?

Cour. Yes: But what News of the other Lady, my trusty *Mercury*?

Page. She's now below, Sir; and desires to see you.

Cour. Is she young? handsome?

Page. I can't tell that, Sir; but she's rare and fine.

Cour. Are her Cloaths rich?

Page. Oh Sir, all Gold and Silver; with a deep Point *Thingum Thangum* over her Shoulders: And then she smells as sweet as my Lady's Dressing-Box.

Cour. Fly little Spright, and tell her, I'm impatient: tell her, I'll wait on her within a Moment: Tell her——

Page. But Sir——

Cour. Be gone, be gone, you Knave, or you'll be caught else. Oh!

[*Ex. Page.*]

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. Here's all that's left, my Heart.

Cour. I am sorry for it, it is very comfortable. [*Drinks.*]
Oh, oh, oh!

Sylv. What ails my Life?

Cour. Oh, I have a horrid Tremor upon my Heart! 'tis the old Palpitation I us'd to be troubl'd with, return'd again. Oh, if I were but——

Sylv. Where, Love?

Cour. Oh! but in a condition to go abroad, there is an able Fellow of my Acquaintance, that always us'd to relieve me in this Extremity.

Sylv. Where does he live? I'll take a Coach my self, and go to him.

Cour. The Devil take me if I know.——Oh! 'tis a vast way off——Oh! now it kills me again.

Sylv. I shall not think it so, when it is my Duty.

Cour. That's but too kind, my Sweetest; though, if I had but one Bottle of his *Elixir*——

Sylv. How is it call'd?

Cour. *Specimen Vita.*

Sylv.

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Sylv. Specimen Vita?

Cour. Ay, Specimen Vita: 'tis a damn'd hard Name, but 'tis very good.

Sylv. Where is't he lives then? Pr'ythee let me go thither.

Cour. Oh, 'tis a horrid way off! Besides, it would trouble me now, in this condition, to be so long without thee.

Sylv. Pr'ythee let me go.

Cour. Why, 'tis as far as Grub-street Child, as Grub-street.

Sylv. I'll be back again instantly.

Cour. I had rather, indeed, thou shouldst go thy self, than send a Messenger, because the business will be done more carefully.

Sylv. How's the Direction then?

Cour. In Grub-street, Child, at the Sign of the Sun and Phoenix, I think it is, there lives a Chymist; ask for him, and in my Name desire a Bottle of his Specimen Vita. Oh

Sylv. Specimen Vita?

Cour. Ay, Specimen Vita. — I'll try in the mean time if I can walk about the Room, and divert the terror of my Fits.

Sylv. Heav'ns bless my Dearee.

Cour. Thank you, my only Joy. — Would in the Devil's Name she were gone once, and had her Guts full of that Quack's Specimen Vita.

Sylv. You'll be careful of your self, Child?

Cour. As careful as I can, Child.

Sylv. Gud b'w'y Courtee.

Cour. B'w'y my Sylvee. — Oh, oh! [Exit Sylvia.]

Enter Page.

Is she gone?

Page. Yes, Sir.

Cour. Where's the Lady?

Page. Here; just entring up the Back-Stairs.

Lady appears at the Door.

Cour. Madam, this Honour done your worthless Servant. —

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. Oh, my dear Heart, I had forgot my Wage.
Pray *Courtesee*, kiss me before I go.

Cour. Confound her, come again! Oh, my Love! I have made hard shift to crawl to the Door here.

Sylv. Who's that behind you?

Cour. Nothing but a Page, come to know if wanted any thing. A Plague of her Hawk's Eyes! ———

Sylv. Gud b'w'y my dearest Love.

Cour. Gud b'w'y my Joy.

Sylv. Nay, give me another. B'w'y *Courtesee*.

Cour. B'w'y *Sylvia*. ——— So, is she gone again? ——— The Devil take me, if thou interruptest me any more.

[Locks the Door after her.]

Enter Lady.

Lady. Is that your Lady, Sir?

Cour. Yes; but I hope you'll not think the worse of me, pretty One, for keeping a Wife Company now and then, for want of better.

Lady. Can you be so kind, Sir, not to forget me? Do you remember me still, Captain?

Cour. Remember thee, Child! Is it possible for that Face to be ever blotted out of my Memory! ——— Though, the Devil eat me, if ever I saw it before, to the best of my Knowledge.

Lady. Where is your Lady gone, Sir?

Cour. To *Grub-street*, Jewel, for some *Specimen Vita*.

Lady. *Specimen Vita*, Sir! Oh dear, what's that?

Cour. Oh, come but quietly into the next Room, and I will shew thee what *Specimen Vita* is presently.

Lady. You may, perhaps, think strange of this Freedom I take with you, Sir.

Cour. Not in the least, Child; it shews thy Generosity. ——— I love her now for understanding her Business, and coming close to the matter quickly.

Lady. But, Sir, presuming on your *Quondam* Favours to me, I am come to beg your Advice in a matter of Law, which I am at present involv'd in: and if you please ———

Cour.

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Cour. To retire a little in private?—Oh, thou couldst not have pick'd out such another Man for thy purpose: I am, may be, the best Lawyer in the World for Chamber-practice. And if I do not find out the Merits of thy Cause soon as ———

Lady. Really, you are so good-natur'd ———

Cour. *Grub-street* and *Specimen Vita*, quotha! He that has the Palpitation of the Heart, and armful of this won't cure him, let him die upon a Dungill, and be bury'd in a Ditch, I say.——This is the rarest Adventure.

[*Exeunt Courtine and the Lady.*]

The SCENE changes to a Bed-Chamber.

Enter Beaugard in, as Dressing himself.

Beau. Heigho! Heigho! Boy, Imp where art thou?

Dwarf. Here: Your Pleasure? What's your Pleasure, Sir?

Beau. What is't o'Clock, Boy?

Dwarf. Sir, in your World, by Computation, I guess it may be Afternoon.

Beau. A very pretty little Rascal, this; and a very extraordinary way of Proceeding, I am treated withal here: I have been a-bed, 'tis true, but the Devil a wink of sound rest came near my Senses all the while; but broken numbers, Dreams, Starts, and sprawling from one side to the other, in hopes the fair Unknown that keeps this Castle might have been so good-natur'd to have given a stranger a Visit. This can be no less than some Romantick Design of the little Fairy, that threatned she would heat the Widow of me: Now will I, for once, if she does attempt me, put on that monstrous Virtue, call'd self-denial, and be damnably constant.——What, Musick again! This a merry Region, I'll say that for it, where ever it be. Boy!

Dwarf. Did you call, Sir?

Beau. My Cloaths, Monster, my Vestments: I hate a *dis-habillee* mortally: I long to be rigg'd, that I may be fit for Action, if Occasion should present it self.

[*Dwarf dresses him.*]

A.

Cour.

The ATHEIST: Or, A SONG.

I.

*Welcome Mortal to this place.
Where smiling Fate did send thee:
Snatch thy happy Minutes, as they pass;
Who knows how few attend thee!*

II.

*Floods of Joy about thee roul,
And flow in endless Measure.
Dip thy Wishes deep, and fill thy Soul
With Draughts of every Pleasure.*

III.

*Feast thy Heart with Love's Desire;
Thy Eyes with Beauty's Charms:
With Imaginations fan the Fire,
Then stifle it in thy Arms.*

IV.

*For, since Life's a slippery Guest,
Whose flight can't be prevented;
Treat it, whilst it stays here, with the best;
And then 'twill go consented.*

V.

*Come you that attend on our Goddess's Will,
And sprinkle the Ground
With Perfumes around;
Shew him your Duty, and shew us your Skill.*

*Enter four Black Women, that dance to the same
Measure of the Song, and sprinkle Sweets.*

*Circle him with Charms,
And raise in his Heart
Such Alarms,
As Cupid ne'er wrought by the Power of his Dart.*

They

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They dance round him.

*Fill all his Veins with a tender Desire,
And then shew a Beauty to set 'em a-fire;
'Till kind panting Breasts to his Wound she apply,
Then on those white Pillows of Love let him die.*

[The Dance ends.]

Beau. Faith, and with all my Heart; for I am weary of the lingring Disease, and long to taste my Mortality most mightily. Hah! a Banquet too, usher'd in by a couple of Cupids! [Two Cupids run in a Table furnish'd] Pretty innocent Contrivance! Well, here's no fear of Starving, that's one Comfort. Now my dear Musicians, would ye be but as good as your word, and shew me the Beauty you have so prepar'd me for! — But then, my Widow! my dear, generous, noble-hearted Widow! She that loves Liberty as I do. She that defies Matrimony as I do too. Shall I turn Recreant, and be false to her? Ah Daredevil, Daredevil! How I want thee to help me out in this Case of Conscience a little!

Enter Daredevil.

Dared. Beauvard, where art thou?

Beau. Ah dear Damnation! I was just now heartily wishing for thee.

Dared. Such News! such Tidings! such a Discovery!

Beau. Hah! What's the matter, Man? —

Dared. Only fix and fifty Virgins apiece for us, that's all; pretty little blushing opening Buds, you Rogue, that never had so much as a blast of Masculine Breath upon them. — What's here? A Banquet ready? Nay, then I am satisfy'd. Never were Heroes so enchanted as we are.

Beau. But where are the Virgins, Daredevil? the Virgins!

Dared. There's only one of 'em, Child; only one; — not such a one, my Soldier —

Beau. Is there but one, then?

Dared. That's no matter, Man: I'll be contented, 'till you hast done with her: I hate a new Conveniency that was

was never practis'd upon; 'tis like a new Shoe that was never worn, wrings and hurts ones Foot basely and scurvily. I love my ease, I.

Beau. But is she very Lovely?

Dared. Such a Swinger, you Dog! she'll make thy Heart bound like a Tennis Ball at the Sight of her: with a majestick stately Shape and Motion.

Beau. Well.

Dared. A Lovely, Angelical, commanding Face.

Beau. By Heav'n's!

Dared. With two Triumphant, Rolling, Murdering Eyes, that swear at you ev'ry time you look upon her.

Beau. Stand off, stand off, I say; she's mine this Minute. But then again, my Widow!——

Enter a Lady Mask'd.

Hah!——Mask'd too! when the Devil shall I see a Woman with her own natural Face again? Madam——

Lady. Be pleas'd Sir, to repose your self a little; there is a small Account, Sir, to be adjust'd betwixt you and I. Where are my Servants? Who is it waits there?

[Several Men Vizarded, and Arm'd, appear at the Door.]

Beau. What the Devil can be the meaning of this now? I am not to be murdered, I hope, after all this Ceremony and Preparation?

Dared. Murder'd, in the Devil's Name! Here is great fear of being murder'd, truly.

Lady. Come Sir, sit down Sir.

Beau. Madam. I'll obey you.

Lady. I doubt not, Sir, but since your coming hither, You are much surpris'd, and wonder at your Treatment.

Dared. So now the Fardle's opened, we shall see what is in it.

Beau. Madam, 't has been so very highly generous——

Lady. That you are prepar'd with Compliments to pay me for it.

But, Sir, such Coin's adulterous and base:

I must have honest Dealing from your Heart.

Dared. Swear to her, swear to her a little, Man; pour out a Bushel of Oaths upon her instantly: Swear, swear, if thou wilt do any good upon her.

Lady.

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Lady. I know my Rival.

Beau. Ay, 'tis so, just so, just as I thought; my poor Widow will run a damnable Hazard of losing this sweet Person of mine, if I do not take abundance of Care in the Business. Here are Rogues on each hand, with Bunder-esses too. I shall be ravish'd.

Lady. She, by her Arts, and the good Fortune to have first attempted it, know, 's possess'd already of your Heart. But know too, I'm a Woman, loath Refusal, scornful Refusal——

Dared. Swear to her, I tell thee: That ever a Fellow should lose all this time for an insignificant Oath or two.

Lady. Or, if my Fortune, which is not despicable, prove too weak in Argument to tell you I deserve you; yet I have this to boast, I ne'er conceal'd my self, either for Shame or Ends; but rather chose to run the Risque of being deny'd your Love, than win it by base Artifice and Practices. What think you, Sir?——

Beau. Hah!——
That, Madam, I'm most miserable, unless——

Lady. Your Widow *Porcia*, Sir, your Widow.

Beau. Madam, I must confess——

Lady. Well:

Beau. That I love her, and will for ever.——

Lady. Death! Do you confess it too?

See you not here your self within my Power, and dare you still confess you love that Creature? Thus far I've kept my Word, I've cross'd her Stratagems. You are here my Pris'ner, and by what is past, you ought to think me capable of more.

Dared. If this Fellow would but swear a little, all this might be rectify'd. Madam, to my own Knowledge——

Beau. Fool, stand off.

I am sensible that you are the loveliest Creature

My Eyes e'er gaz'd on; but——

Lady. But what?

Beau!

Beau. I'm sure

You'd your self scorn, nor think me worth your Heart,
Could I be faithless, could I be unconstant.

Pity me, fair One; yet, methinks this Hand——

Lady. Should send a Dagger to thy ungrateful Heart.
By Heav'n, I'll never bear it——

Beau. Madam!

Dared. Madam,

Could you but throw some favour on your Servant.

Lady. By all the fury in a Woman's Heart,
I'll be reveng'd on his. Make ready, Slaves,
To do your Office——

Dared. Madam——

Beau. Look you, Madam, your Ladyship may do your
pleasure; you may command half a dozen of Bullets
through my *Pericranium*, if you have a mind to have your
Beauty spoke well of by the Criticks of *Holbourn*, that
once a Month swarm at their Windows to spy handsome
Faces: Upon that consideration you may murder a poor
constant Monster if you please, Madam.

Lady. Still am I scorn'd then!

Beau. Would you kill me barbarously?
Sure those sweet Eyes could not see such a Sight.

Lady. No, take your Life, and with't this satisfaction;
Porcia scorns you, as much as you do me:
And, 'till thou sue'st upon thy humble Knees
To me for Pity, *Porcia* shall despise thee.

Beau. Madam, I swear!

Lady. No more.

Beau. By all those Beauties,

Lady. Be gone, for ever fly this. Ah h! —— [*Squeaking*]

Enter Courtine.

Cour. Death, Damnation, Devils! How came I hither?
Beaugard!

Beau. Friend *Courtine*! speak Man: What's the matter?

Cour. Damnation! Jilted, chous'd, betray'd——

Enter Woman.

Wom. A Midwife! Run for a Midwife, run for some
good Woman.—— Oh Madam, an Accident.

Beau. A Midwife!

Lady.

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Lady. Heav'ns! a Midwife!

[*Exit.*

Cour. Yes, Friend, a Midwife. I am sweetly manag'd, — I thought I had been in private here, in this House, with a civil Person of a good Reputation, and it proves a damn'd trappanning Strumpet. Just in the middle of all our good Understanding together, she fetches a great shriek, and roars out for a Midwife: The Drab is full gone with Bastard, and swears I am the Father of it.

Beau. A very great happinefs, take my Word for't, Friend: Children bring a great Honour with them, *Cour.* — *ne:* It may grow up to be a Comfort to thee in thy old age, Man.

Dared. Oh, your Olive Branches are unspeakable Blessings, the Gift of Heav'n. I love to see Posterity go forward, and Families encrease, with all my heart.

Cour. Let me be hang'd and quarter'd, Gentlemen, if ever I set Eyes on the Harlot in my Life before. My sweet Wife, with a Pox to her, brought me hither.

Beau. Why, is thy Wife in London?

Cour. Yes, Hell confound her! she has hunted me full Cry up to Town; seiz'd upon me this Morning, and brought me hither, where it seems she lay all the last Night.

Dared. Why then, for ought I know, we may be still enchanted.

Beau. I am glad to hear that with all my heart. Is she in the House?

Cour. No; I was forced to counterfeit Sickness, 'till I was e'en sick indeed, to get rid of her, upon pretence of going to my Physician, in the Devil's name; that this confounded Bulker, with her Guts full of Bastard, and I might console together for half an hour; and am sweetly fitted with a Concubine, that's the truth on't.

Beau. This comes of your Whoring, *Courtime*; if you had kept me Company, and liv'd virtuously, none of this had happened to you now. But you must be wandering. No reasonable Iniquity will serve your turn.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'll swear, Captain *Courtime*, you are the happiest Gentleman. Yonder's the finest chopping

ping Boy for you. Why, it will be able to carry a Musket in your Company within this Fortnight. And then, I am so obliged to you for bringing the Lady to lye in my House, that if your Wife will do me the Honour, I'll take it for a Favour to stand for Godmother with her.

Cour. And, Madam, to return your Compliment, I wish with all my Heart you were pregnant with a Litter of nine such chopping Boys, upon Condition that I were bound to be Godfather to the whole Kennel.— Confound your being witty, with a Plague to you. [*Aside.*]

Beau. That's something coarse though, Friend, to a Lady that's so civil to you.

Enter several Maids of the Family, one with the Child.

1 *Maid.* See *Fenny*, yon's the Man; that, that's the Father.

2 *Maid.* I'll swear it is a proper Person.

3 *Maid.* Oh Sir, Heav'n's blest you, you're the happiest Man! Here is my young Master, as like you as if you had bore it your self.

1 *Maid.* What a pretty little Nose it has!

2 *Maid.* And just its Father's Eyes for all the World.

1 *Maid.* It would never grieve a Body to have a Child by such a handsom Gentleman.

Cour. Ye Whores! ye Drabs! ye fulsom, stinking Whores! Clusters of Poxes on ye, and no Hospitals pity ye:— Confound ye, leave me.

Beau. Fye upon it, *Courtsine*, fye for Shame: give something to the Nurse, Man; that's but civil.

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. A Bastard! Death, a Bastard! Under my Nose too! Where's the vile hateful Monster?

Beau. Have Patience, Lady.—

Sylv. False, loathsome Traytor.

Cour. Now my Joy's compleated.

Sylv. Let me come at him, let me go.—

Cour. Hold her fast, Friend, if thou lovest me.

Sylv. Thou Devil!— Thou treach'rous, faithless, perjur'd Wretch! Thou Husband! Look in my Face.

Cour. Well.—

Sylv. Did I ever deceive this? Degenerate Brute! thou, only in Falshood, Man!

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thou rampant Goat, Abroad, and Drone at Home.

Cour. Like a Dog with a Bottle, &c. [Sings.]

Sylv. Thou perfect Yoke-fellow! thou heavy Ox,
thou want'st a Goad to make thee know thy Strength!
Death, Fiends and Torments! I cou'd dig those Eyes out!
I'll bear it no longer! *Bedlam! Bedlam! Bedlam!*

[Courtine Sings, and Dances a Figg.]

Sylv. No more! I'll stay no more to be his Triumph:

I warn'd by me, ye Virgins that are blest

With your first Native Freedom: let no Oaths

Of Perjur'd Mankind wooe you to your Ruin:

But when a creeping, fawning, weeping Crocodile

Moans at your Feet, remember then my Fall:

And when for Pity most his Tears implore,

Like me, your Virtue to your Hearts recal;

Resolve to scorn, and never see him more.

[Exit.]

Cour. With all my Heart, thou dear, dear Wife and
Lague.

Beau. Methinks a very pitiful Case this, Madam.

Lady. If your Widow were but here, Sir, now, she
might fairly see what she is like to trust to.

[Here the sham Scene.]

Enter a Woman and Daredevil.

Wom. Oh Madam! Madam! What will become of us all?

Lady. Become of us, Woman! Pr'ythee, what's the
matter? are we in any Danger?

Dared. Only your Brother-in-Law, Madam, and his
friend, with above a dozen arm'd Men more, Madam,
it's all the matter, Madam:

Lady. My Brother-in-Law!

Dared. Yes, your Brother-in-Law, Lady, if your Name
Porcia: Such a one they ask for.

Beau. Porcia!

Cour. Yes, Porcia: I could have told you she was Porcia
fore,

Por. 'Tis but too true, Sir; my unhappy Name is Porcia.

Beau. Porcia, my Widow! my dear lovely Widow!
What an ill-natur'd Trick was this Concealment!

Por. Though, Sir, you never saw my Face before,
now you think it worth your least Regard,
protect me; for I dread my Brother's Fury,

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Ev'a

Ev'n worse than Matrimony. Here, Sir, I yield my self
Up yours for ever.

Beau. And shall I claim thee?

Por. From this Hour, for ever.

Beau. And, by this happy Hour, I'll keep thee mine then.
Secure thy self in the next private Closet,
Peace to thy Heart, poor Widow. [Exit Porcia.
Give us but Arms! —

Dared. Those I've provided for you.

I found our Swords in a certain private Corner that shall
be nameless, where I was proposing some civil Familiarities
to the Lady Governess of the Family, just as the Blustering
entred.

Beau. Are they in the House, then?

Dared. Yes, and have bound the Servants too; the hun-
gry Rogues were all surpris'd at Dinner; you'll hear more
of them presently, I'll warrant you.

Cour. Stand to your Arms, *Beaugard*; the Enemy's up
on us.

Dared. We have had a Succession of very pretty Adven-
tures here; first we are enchanted, then we are fiddled to
sleep, then we are fiddled up again: then here's a Discov-
ery of a very fair Lady, follow'd by another of a boun-
cing brown Bastard; and when we might have thought
all Fortune's Tricks had been over, we are in a very fair
way at last of having our Throats cut. But I'll secure our
Life, that shall be my Care — [Is stealing off

Beau. Dog, stay and fight, or, by Heav'n, I'll rip your
Heart out.

Dared. Well then, if I must fight I must: What a Pox
I have two good Seconds o' my side; and that has saved
many a Coward's Credit before now. [Noise within

Theod. Break open the Door there, force the Passage
down with it.

Enter Theodoret, Gratian, and Father.

Beau. Well, Gentlemen, what farther? What means this
Violence here?

Theod. I hope, Sir, that's no Secret, when you see what
we are.

Fath. We come, Sir, to demand a Lady, Sir; one Porcia.

Beau. How's that, my Father!

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Fath. Father me no Fathers: I am none of thy Father, Fellow; but I am these Gentlemens Friend here. ———
Now, Atheist, will I murder thee.

Dared. O Law'd!

Fath. *Jack, Jack, Jack!* Come hither *Jack!* a Word with thee, *Jack:* Give me a hundred Pieces now, and I'll be o'thy side *Jack;* and help thee to beat off these impudent fellows. Gentlemen, I cannot but own to you that this is my Son. ———

Beau. Sir, were you nick'd to your Shirt, I would not part with a single Shilling, Sir.

Fath. Though, if he were my Son ten thousand times, in such a Cause as yours, I'd draw my Sword against him.

[*Draws.*]

Beau. You may remember, Gentlemen, a Challenge.

Grat. Which you forgot, Sir.

Cour. Hab! a Challenge, *Beaugard?*

Beau. I'll tell thee more hereafter. To shew you I have not forgot it, the Lady you thus persecute is now under my Protection, and with my Sword I'll keep her

[*Draws.*]

Cour. If we don't, may my Wife get the better of me, and wear mine for a Bodkin.

Theod. Come on then, Sir.

Beau. For the Lady.

Grat. For my Honour.

Cour. And for my Friend, Sir.

Dared. Old Brimstone-Beard, have at thee.

[*Fight. The rest of Theodoret's Party falls in.*]

Cour. Base Traitors! Odds!

Beau. Confound 'em! thrust.

[*Beaugard and Courtine driven off.*]

Dared. Oh, I am slain! my Maw runs out: What will become of me! Oh!

[*Gratian and Daredevil fall.*]

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. Secure that Passage now: ——— How fares my Friend?

Grat. I'm wounded: Send for a Chirurgeon quickly, for I bleed much.

Theod. Look to your Master, Sirrah; and you, Fellow, careful of this Beast here.

Dared. Oh, a Parson! a Parson! dear Sir, a Parson! Some pious good Divine, if you have any Charity.

Enter Father with Porcia.

Fath. Here, here she is; I ha' got her for you; let me alone for ferreting a Female's Quarters out.

Theod. I'd have you, Sir, take care for your Security; There's Mischief done, Sir.

Fath. The more Mischief the better; thou shalt find me no Flincher, Boy: here, here; make sure of her.

Por. Inhuman Tyrant! Why am I abus'd thus? Help! Murder! Help!

Theod. None of your Tricks; no Cries, no Shrieks for Succour.

By Hell, here's that shall silence you for ever,
Thou Woman: thou young, itching, wanton Devil!

Fly to base Cells of Lust! Give up thy Virtue,
Disgrace thy Name, and triumph ev'n in Infamy,
On what a tott'ring Point his Honour stands;
That trusts the Treasure in such lavish Hands!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lucretia in Man's Cloaths, and Chloris.

Luc. FROM this gay Minute farewell Love and Dealing: I have shook the lazy, stretching, wishing Folly out of my Blood, and now my wandring Heart is at home again. Let me see; I have a hundred and a hundred times wish'd my self a Man; and now, in outward Appearance, I am a very Fellow; nay, a very pretty Fellow: For, methinks Foppery, Impertinence, Self-conceit, and other masculine Qualities grow upon me strangely.— Oh, Mischief, Mischief, Mischief! thou art a very sweet Employment — But Opportunity! Bewitching, Lovely Omnipotent Opportunity! How shall I come at thee? —
Chloris!

Chlo. Madam,

Luc. Give me my Sword.

Chlo. Here, Madam: Bless us, What will your Ladyship do with your self in this Equipage!

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Luc. Ladyship, Huzzy! take notice from this important Moment, I am no more your Mistress; but that imperial Creature, your Master: And therefore know too, will have my Foeminine Habiliments burnt instantly, and an Operator sent for to make me a Beard grow. I will learn to Ride, Fence, Vault, and make Fortifications in Dirt-Pies: Nay, if the humour hold, I'll go Voluntier into Germany against the Turk.

Chlo. But what will be the end of all this, Madam?

Luc. Why, if I go into the War, I shall have the Privilege, when I return home, to talk of Marches, Battles and Sieges, which I never was at, nor understand any more than the Fools I tell my Story to. If I stay at home, with the Privilege of good Cloaths, Pertness and much Simplicity, will I set up for a Spark, grow familiar at White-Hall, and impudent with some great Man there or another; run in Debt with a high Hand, be terrible in Eating-Houses, and noisy all over the Town.

Chlo. A very hopeful Resolution.

Luc. As thus: When I and another Spark meet; Dame me, *Fack*, says I, What Times are there stirring? What Ready to be had? What Caravans have you met with, or what Loose lately managed? You Rogue, you look very high upon the Huckle.

Chlo. Well Madam; But what will all this Gibberish signifie?

Luc. Signifie, you Fool! why what it signifies already; Wit, Courage, Martial Discipline, Interest at Court, Pre-ference to Preferment, Free Quarters in my Lodgings, and Free Booty in every Cuckold's Shop, who shall trust me against his palpable Knowledge, that I am not worth a Groat; and never have the Impudence to hope to be paid.

Chlo. And must your Honour have a Mistress too?

Luc. Yes Huzzy, and you shall be serviceable to me in the Matter: I'll have a Doxy this very Night, I have sing-
ed her out already; *Courtin*'s Wife, that jealous, raging, insatiable Help-meet of the Captain's shall be my *Dulcinea*
del Toboso. She's in Love with me already, that's my Comfort: As I passed through the Hall just now, she coming into the House to pay a Visit to the Widow *Por-*
ia, (who, by the way, is as wicked as my self, and my

great Counsellor in this noble Project) we met: I, you must know, bow'd very respectfully; she taking me for a Stranger, Curtsy'd as low; and viewing me strictly, leer'd at me, as if that Minute she took Aim at my Heart, and design'd me for her Quarry.

Chlo. But, Madam, she knows, and must discover you.

Luc. Thou art a Fool: She never saw me 'till yesterday in her Life-time, then too disguised: So that if I do not practise on her Frailty, and by that means find a Way to revenge my self on that Vizard-monger *Beaugard*, may I be condemned to wear Breeches as long as I live, and never know more than the present Use I make of them.

Chlo. Hift Madam, she's returning.

Enter Sylvia.

Luc. Hush then: Now my Cause is coming on, and have at her.

Sylv. Sweet-heart, pray oblige me so far to shew me the way to the Gardens; I come to pay a Visit to Madam *Porcia*, and am inform'd she's gone there for the Air. —

A very handsome Youth ——— [Aside.

Chlo. Madam, this young Gentleman here is come hither on the same kind Errand with your Ladyship, and waits 'till her Return.

Luc. But, Madam, the good Fortune of seeing you is a Happiness would recompence the being disappointed of all the Conversation of your Sex besides.

Sylv. Indeed, Sir!

Luc. Yes, indeed, Madam.

Sylv. Are you a Relation to this Family, Sir?

Luc. Madam, the greatest Advantage I hope from the Family is, henceforth to have oftner the Honour of kissing your fair Hands here: It is an Opportunity I should make no ungentlemanly use of.

Sylv. Opportunity, Sir?

Luc. Yes, Opportunity, Madam: I am not ashamed to mention so honest a Friend as Opportunity, to one that by her Years and Beauty, should not, methinks, be a mortal Foe to Opportunity.

Sylv. Do you know me, Sir?

Luc. Why, Madam, do I treat you like a Stranger? Know you! By this good Hour, there has not been a Day

The SOLDIER'S FORTUNE. 79

Night since I first saw you, that I have thought or dream'd of any thing else. Are not you the Wife of a certain swaggering 'Squire about this Town, who calls himself Captain *Courtine*?

Sylv. Yes, Sir; such a Friend in a Corner I have, Sir; and what have you to say to him, Sir?—I'll swear, a very handsome You h still. ———

Luc. What, Madam! what I have to say to you, rather than lose you, I would say to him: which is, that I like you, love you, languish for you; and would, with all my Heart, Blood, Spirit and Flesh, I ———

Sylv. I'll swear, Sir, I am mightily oblig'd to you, and so is Mr. *Courtine*; ha, ha, ha! ———

Luc. Mr. *Courtine*! Take notice, Madam, I receive that expression as kindly as if you had call'd him what I wish him: For, pretty one, if my Intelligence be true, he lives with your Ladyship as much like Mr. *Courtine*, as much like a Gentleman ———

Sylv. Sir!

Luc. Madam!

Sylv. Oh Gaud, he's very handsome.

Luc. Shall we walk in these Gardens anon, for I have the Privilege of a Key that opens into the Fields: The Moon shines too.

Syl. Between Ten and Eleven does the Moon shine?

Luc. As bright as any thing but your self.

Sylv. But you'll tell, young Gentleman.

Luc. Only you how I love you.

Sylv. Eleven's a late Hour.

Luc. Not too late.

Sylv. Indeed!

Luc. Take this, and my Word for it. [Kisses her.]

Sylv. Fie, how you use me, when you mean to forget me.

Luc. Hush, no more; Company's coming. Eleven.

Sylv. Ten, if you are kind enough.

Luc. Well said, my chaste Sex.

Enter Porcia.

Por. Oh Cousin, art thou come! Thou art the welcomest Creature on the Earth; I have expected thee almost to despair for these three Hours. Oh, Sir! your servant.

Luc. I am here, Madam, in order to your Commands.

Sylv. Her Commands!

Por. Oh, Cousin, the prettiest best-natur'd Youth! He is something related to us a great way off; and by that means has the Privilege of visiting, without Offence to my jealous Brother-in-Law, and tyrannical Guardian. Have you contriv'd that Business?

Luc. Madam, it is done.

Sylv. Bus'ness! What Bus'ness, Cousin?

Lord, Cousin, you seem concern'd at it.

Por. I'll tell thee: Seeing my self here confin'd to the Rules and Limits of a very Prison, I am resolv'd to put as good a Face upon the Matter as it will bear, and make my Misfortune as easie as I can. Wherefore, for a little present Diversion, I have contriv'd a Letter in an unknown Name, by this young Agent here, and convey'd it to thy lewd Husband, with another in my own to *Beaugard*; and sent for thee, my Dear, to share in the Pleasure of the Consequence.

Sylv. Ha, ha, ha! But what will be this Consequence, Co sin?

Por. Twenty to one but it occasions some new Alarm, and Divertisement to my Jailours; who are so very suspicious, they would fancy a Rat behind the Hangings for a conceal'd Lover. It may too, by chance, produce me some lucky Opportunity once more to make my Escape out of their merciless Power. Nay, they are already half dispos'd to run away themselves; for by my Woman's Interest in the Chirurgeon, who has Care of the swearing Atheistical Fellow, Yesterday hurt in the Scuffle, and afterwards convey'd hither, he gives it out, that he fears his Wounds may be mortal. Upon which, my Lover *Gratian* sighs, and turns up his Eyes like a godly Brother at Exercise. My Brother *Theodore* puffs, swells, grinds his Teeth, and stamps as if he would brain himself against the next Wall; while poor *Beaugard's* ne'er-be-good Father has, with pure Fear, lost a red Nose that has been his fast Friend for these forty Years; and every time he sees his Face in a Glass, fancies every Wrinkle there has the shape of a Gibber.



Enter

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Enter Phillis.

Phil. Oh, my dear, dear Lady, what will become of us! the most unhappy Accident!

Por. Hah!

Phil. Indeed Madam, I could not possibly help it, I ha' lost it.

Por. Lost it! lost what? What hast thou lost? Wouldst thou hadst lost thy self; lost a Leg or an Arm, or any thing, rather than have put me in this Fright. Speak, what is the matter?

Phil. Oh, Madam, the Billet; Madam, the Billet.

Luc. Sylv. How's this?

Por. What, the Note I sent to *Beaugard*?

Phil. As I hope to see you happy, Madam. I put it as it were here between these two poor naked Breasts here, as I thought it could stick, so I did; when, just as I was going forth, who should meet me but the old, wicked, ranting, raving Gentleman that lies hid here for fear of hanging, would he had been well hang'd a Twelvemonth since; and there he fell a towzing, and a mowzing, and a meddling with me; I was never so afraid of being ravish'd in my Life, gad he knows: So in the struggle, I guess the Note was lost truly; though in my Heart, I wish I had been ravish'd six times over, rather than such a Misfortune had happen'd. Nevertheless, I ha' done your Business for you, I have.

Por. Business! what Business? Ugliness and ill Reputation light on thee. Thou hast undone and ruin'd me forever.

Phil. Why, I have met with the Captain, and told him the whole matter, as well as if he had read it in the Letter himself. He's but too kind a Man to you, and I too thankful a Servant, so I am, to be thus reviled and cursed by you for all this.

Por. What then did he say? Fool, Beast and Blockhead; tell me.

Phil. Why, he said, he'd die a thousand and a thousand times for you, were it possible, so he did, and that he would not eat, drink or sleep 'till he has set you at Liberty, that he wo' not; and that he will be in the Garden before noon.

D 51

Luc.

Enter

Luc. What's in this Case to be done, Madam?

Por. O dearest Cousin, retire if you love me; for, should the Lords of my Liberty get any Notice of this Biller, and find a Man here, notwithstanding your Relation, who knows what ill Usage it may aggravate!——To thy Chamber, dear *Lucrece*, ere the Storm comes upon us.

Luc. I am all Obedience: Sweet Creature, you'll remember. [*Aside.*
[To Sylvia]

Sylv. It is not possible to forget you, surely.

Luc. Blessings on you for this Goodness.

[*Kisses her Hand, and Exit.*

Enter Theodoret in a Rage.

Theod. Double bar up all the Doors and Windows: Load all the Arms in the House, and be ready for Execution instantly, all of ye. By those Devils that dance in your gogling Eyes, Madam, I'll try if you have given your self over to Hell so far, that you can out at a Key-hole.

Por. What means the great He Brute?

Theod. To cut off your Intelligence, Lady, and make thee, ere I have done, to curse thy Father and Mother that let thee learn to write. Seest thou this, thou irreclaimable profligate Wretch! fogh! send you the draggle-tail'd Minister of thy lewd Affairs a hunting, full Cry about the Town, upon the rank Scent of a brawny back'd Hector! By Heavens! the thought of it makes me loath the House, and fancy it stinks of the foul Sins thou hast imagin'd in it.

Por. Thou barbarous, ill-manner'd, worse than Beast! Why am I abus'd thus; why made a Prisoner too, at your sawcy Will? fetter'd up, and barr'd all Liberty and Converse?

Theod. For the same Reason other too hot-blooded Females are; because, if possible, I would not have a good Breed spoil'd.

Por. What a Load of Dirt is thy Thick-Skull cram'd withal, if the Tongue were able to throw it out!

Theod. Filthy, filthy, fulsome filthy! What, be a Doll-Common, follow the Camp! how lovelily would your fair Ladyship look, mounted upon a Baggage-Cart, presiding over the rest of the Captain's dirty Equipage!

Sylv.

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Sylv. If any thing in the World would make me follow
Camp, it would be a very strong Fancy I have, that I
should never see you in one, Sir.

Theod. Your Ladyship has reason to defend the Soldier's
Cause: You have married one, as I take it, Madam. Ha,
ha, ha.

Por. He in a Camp! he has not Courage enough to ani-
mate half a Taylour, nor good Humour enough to make
a Spaniel of, nor Sense enough, if he were that Animal, to
learn to fetch and carry.

Theod. This will open no Locks, Lady.

Por. But there are Instruments to be had, that will break
open Locks, Sir.

Theod. Will you please to retire, and consider farther of
that in your Chamber.

Por. No, I'll not stir, Sir.

Theod. Nay, by Heav'n, but you shall, Madam.

Sylv. Nay, by Heav'n, but she shall not, Sir.

[*Father at the Door.*]

Theod. How!

Fath. By *Jove*, and that's well said, I'll stand still a little
and see what's the matter.

Theod. Do not drive me to use Violence.

Fath. How! Violence to a fair Lady! that's not so well,
either.

Por. Hark you, Sir, my Jaylour or my Hang-man; for
which of the two your Office will end in, by your Pro-
ceedings, I cannot imagine: do but touch me, or offer the
least Violence to compel me to a closer Confinement; by
this injur'd Heart, I'll fire the House about your Asses
Ears: I'll sooner burn with you, to be reveng'd, than en-
dure such Insolence and Torment any longer.

Theod. Very well.

Fath. I'gad, a brave Girl, a delicate Wench! how my
fingers itch to take her part now! I have a Month's mind
to espouse her Quarrel and make Friends with poor
Facky again. Honest *Facky*! 'tis the best-natur'd Boy in
the World, though I was such a Beast to fall out with him.

Por. Inhumane, cruel *Theodore*! why do you afflict me
thus? Why do you force the Tears from my poor Eyes,
and wrack a tender Heart that never wrong'd you?—[*Weeps.*]

Theod.

Theod. For your Soul's Health, Lady; and the Welfare of your wasting Reputation. A Pox o' your whining! come, to your Chamber, to your Prayer-Book and Repentance: Fasting and Humiliation will be good for you. To your Chamber.

Per. To my Grave first.

Theod. Nay then——Wha, ho!

[Offers to lay hold of her.]

Per. Stand off! Murder! Cramps, Rheums and Palsies, with, &c. thy unmanly Hands.

Theod. By Heav'n!

Per. You dare not do't.

Theod. Hah!

Sylv. No, Sir, you dare not do't, you-dare not.

Theod. *Davaunt Pass!* Confound me but I shall be scratch'd here presently for my Patience.

Sylv. What an ill-bred Camel 'tis!

Fath. Nay, and what's more; you shall not do't, you shall not, Sir. Hoh! Is this the Issue of your honourable Pretensions?

Theod. *Et tu Brute!*

Fath. Brute, Brute! Brute me no Brutes, Friend: Ounds I am Man, Fellow; Battoons and Bilboes! Brute! a Gentleman!

Theod. Your Pardon, Sir!

Sylv. Don't pardon him, Sir.

Enter Gratian leaning on a Staff.

Grat. Oh, Friend!

Theod. Poor Gratian!

Grat. If ever we ought to do any thing for our Safety, let us now prepare and look about us: I have made hard Shift to hobble hither, my Wound's grown very troublesome——We are all lost.

Theod. I can fear nothing when my Friend's so near me.

Sylv. Now Cousin rebel, and force your Freedom nobly.

Fath. *Jacky*, I hope, *Jacky* at the Head of *Mirmidons*, and declaring for his Property. Look you, Gentlemen; I must confess I have a Remorse of Conscience, and am sensible I have been a Rebel: Wherefore if my Liege-Son and Heir have recruited his Power and be once more up in Arms, Loyalty and natural Affection, Friends, will

work;

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work; I must pronounce for Prince *Jacky*; and here I resolve to defend his Territories. [*Draws a broad Sword.*]

Grat. If Prince *Jacky* have Interest enough to get your Pardon for Murder Sir, it will be your best Way to close with him; for, in short, the Atheist *Daredevil*, your Antagonist, is dead, Sir.

Theod. Hah! Dead!

Fath. Dead!

Grat. Yes dead, Sir.

Sylv. So much the better, *Porcia*, let us run up to the Leads, and cry out Murder to the Streets this Moment.

Fath. Then I find, that I am but a short-liv'd Sinner; farewell for ever Old Hock, Sherry Nutmeg and Sugar; Seven and Eleven, Sink-Tray, and the Doublers! Never comes better of rebelling against one's natural born Children: I shall be hang'd one of these Sun-shiny Mornings, and a Ballad come out in the Afternoon to a lamentable Eighty eight Tune of the careful Son, and prodigal Father. Dead, said you Sir?

Grat. Or, at least, cannot survive half an Hour; therefore it is my Opinion, that we instantly quit the House, and provide all for our Safety.

Theod. Confusion, Devils!

Por. Nay, Sir stand fast! dare but to open a Door, Sir; by Heav'n, that Moment I'll alarm the Town: You shall not think to escape, reeking with a poor Man's Blood, shed in defence of me.

Theod. Lady, no fooling.

Por. No Sir, no fooling: but now, Sir, go you to your Chamber, Sir, to your Chamber; to your Prayer-Book and Repentance; Fasting and Humiliation will be good for you: To your Chamber, Sir; as you tender your Neck, Sir.

Theod. Damnation! unhand me!

Por. I'll dye, ere I'll unhold you. Think you so barbarously to leave me here in the House with a dead Wretch, and have the Punishment of his horrid Murder light on my innocent Head?

Theod. What do you resolve to do, Sir?

Fath. Do, Sir! What can I resolve to do, Sir? I have no means to hope to escape, Sir: for, in the first place, I have

have no Money: and a Man that kills another without Money in his Pockets, is in a very hopeful Condition. In the next place, for a Disguise, I have no Cloaths but these you see on my Back; with this Tripe Buff Belt here, which there is not a Constable in the whole City but knows, and has had in his Custody, Sword and all. Look you, Gentlemen, I have civilly kill'd a Man for your Service; if you will resolve, fairly and squarely, to hang like Friends together, so: If not, I mutiny; and the word is, Discover the Plot, the old Boy must impeach.

Enter. Rosard.

Ros. Oh, Sir! where are you?

Grat. Well, *Rosard*, what's the News now?

Ros. The Gentleman, Heav'n be thank'd, is reviv'd again, Sir; tho' the Doctors say, such another Fit will certainly carry him off. The poor Creature is very weak, but very penitent.

Fath. In troth, and that's a very ill Sympton; therefore my Opinion is still—— I am for hanging all together.

Theod. Hark you, old Rust; you say you have no Money, wherefore, during the present Interval, in the first place, because I will have no Mutiny upon this Occasion; in order to your Escape, there's Money for you: In the next place, as you want change of Rayment, here is the Key of a small Wardrobe, at the lower end of the Gallery above, you'll find the Door to it: Equip your self, and provide for your Security, as your best Discretion shall direct you.

Fath. Look you, Friend, the sooner the better; for, to tell you the truth, else I shall make but a scurvy matter of it at *Tyburn* Cross; with a whining, sniveling Account of breaking the Sabbath, and keeping ill Company. Wherefore, not being good at making Speeches, I will leave the Opportunity to you, of shewing your politer Rhetorick, and save a Member of the Common-wealth.—— There's no great harm in Murder, when it brings a Man Money.

[Aside, and Exit.]

Por. And now my Tyrant Brother, I hope we stand on even Terms.

Theod. No, Lady, not yet: There's Life return'd, and therefore

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therefore hopes still; though, at present, in some measure to comply with you, and ease your Apprehensions, within the Limits of the House and Gardens you are at your Liberty, but no farther this Night: And, for your ampler Satisfaction, if I have any Midnight Alarms from your Correspondent abroad, there's Entertainment ready for him, which he may not be very fond of; so Good Night, it is almost Ten. Who waits? What ho, be ready there. Come *Gratian*. I'll see you to your Repose, and then to my Post of Guard. [Ex. *Theod. and Grat.*

Por. Ten! That was the Hour, *Phyllis*, *Beaugard* mentioned? was it not?

Phil. It was, Madam.

Por. Be ready then, all ye propitious Powers, that smile on faithful Love; wait, like kind Angels, on him; establish Conquest in his able Hand, and Kindness in his Heart. Oh, *Sylvia*!

Sylv. You are transported, Cousin!

Por. With hopes of Liberty I am indeed: It is an *English* Woman's natural Right. Do not our Fathers, Brothers and Kinsmen often, upon pretence of it, bid fair for Rebellion against their Sovereign? And why ought not we, by their Example, to rebel as plausibly against them?

Sylv. Most edifying Doctrine this is, truly.

[A Whistle without.

Por. The Sign! Hark, the Sign! *Phyllis*, heard you nothing?

[Whistle again.

'Tis there again; he's true, and I am happy. *Sylvia*, let us retire our selves; you know your Apartment, for precious Mischief will be soon on foot; and Action worthy Love's great Cause. Thy Husband too may chance to have his share in the bus'ness, and, as I have order'd Matters, meet something in the Adventure, to mortifie his moving Humour, and reconcile him to his Duty and Allegiance.—Hark!

[Whistle again.

There, 'tis once more a Summons to the Citadel to surrender. This shall, in after Story, be call'd, Captain *Beaugard's* besieging of the Widow.

Which, as 'tis laid, sure with Success must end, since Justice does his Enterprize attend Without, and powerful Love within his Friend,

SCENE changes to Fields on the Back-side of
a Garden.

Enter Beaugard, with a Party.

Beau. Hold, stand fast; I have just now receiv'd Intelligence over the Garden-Wall, that our Design has taken air, and there will be no easie Entrance.

1 Man. Ah Captain; the time has been, when, under your Command, we should have had no need of a Council of War for the attacking such a Fortification as this is.

Beau. Peace Plunder, Peace, you Rogue; no Morodging now; we'll burn, rob, demolish and murder another time together: This is a Bus'ness must be done with decency——— Hark.

2 Man. Some Company coming, Sir, from the Back-Street-Ward.

Beau. Hold then, Plunder: Do you, with your flying Party, hover at a distance about the Fields; while I, with the rest of the Body, post my self as advantageously as I can, to watch the Enemies Motions.——— [Exeunt.

Enter Theodoret, and his Party.

Theod. This way the Noise was: Be sure keep safe the Garden Gate, and follow me carefully. [Exit Theod.

Enter Courtine.

Cour. So, here I am; and now for my Instructions. Let me see, [Reads the Billet.] Pray come disguised, that if the Design should miscarry your Retreat may be the easier. Your unknown blushing Servant.——— Humph! Blushing Servant! Passingly modest, I'll warrant you! Pray come disguised! So I am, or the Devil's in't; for I look more like a Cut-throat, than any thing else. Let me see; Upon this very Spot, the last time I was here, did I meet my damn'd Wife: Avert the Omen, sweet Heav'n, I beseech thee. And now, as I am considering, where can my Friend *Beaugard* be at present too? With a Whore. There's that Question answer'd. Wherefore, would but my unknown blushing Servant appear, or give me a kind Sign; would but my little Partridge call, methinks I could so shuckle, and run, and bill, and clap my Wings about her. Hah!

[Turns about.

Enter

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Enter Theodoret.

Theod. Stand : Who goes there ?

Cour. What's the matter now ?

1 Ser. Stand, Sir : What are you, Sir ?

Cour. What am I, Sir ! A Man, Sir.

Theod. A Man, Sir, we see you are : But what Man are you, Friend ?

Cour. A Gentleman, Friend ; and you had best use me so.— By Heav'n, *Theodoret* ! and if I am but discover'd !

Theod. Hands off, unlocke him. You are not him we look for, Sir.

Cour. I am glad of that with all my Heart.

Theod. And therefore I ask your Pardon. But, if you are a Gentleman, you will assist one in me, that have been injured. I have reason to believe, my House is now beset by Villains, who have base designs upon the Honour of my Family. Wherefore, if you are what you pretend, you'll draw your Sword to do a good Cause Justice.

Cour. Sir, I wear it for no other end ; and you shall command it.— Ay, 'tis so ; *Beaugard* upon new Exploits for the Recovery of his Widow. Nothing but Knight-Errantry stirring this Moon.

Theod. Please you then, Sir, to stay here with my Ser-
vants, while I walk to the Corner of yon Walk, and try what I can discover. *[Exit Theod.]*

Cour. You may trust me, Sir. Now will I shew myself a true *Renegado* ; take Entertainment in Christian Service, to betray 'em to my Brother *Turk*. upon the first opportunity. And so, my blushing Unknown, you may then stay your Stomach with your Sheets for this Night.

Re-enter Theodoret.

Theod. They are here, stand fast ; be resolute, and be rewarded.

Enter Lucretia.

Luc. Now, for a convenient Opportunity to do a Mischief : *Beaugard*, I find, is come, and my kind Mistress punctual to Appointment in the Garden. Now, could I but order the Affair so, as to slur *Beaugard* upon her, instead of my self ; and her upon him, instead of *Porcia*, my Conscience would be satisfied ; and he, Mr. *Courtsine*, my Rival Widow, and the Wife, serv'd all in their kind.

Theod.

Theod. Hold, Sir! What are you? [*To Beau. at the Entrance.*]

Cour. Ay; Now, now.

Beau. No, matter, Sir; this is not a time of Night to answer Questions.

Theod. Nay, then. ———

Beau. Nay, now Sir; and when else you think fitting, Sir: I am the Man you look for; and you are him I wish to meet here.

Cour. Now how the Devil I shall do to tilt Booty; Hang me like a Dog if I can imagine.

Beau. Come on there.

Theod. You pass upon your Death.

Beau. I have learnt to scorn Death more since first you threatned it;

I see your Numbers too, and come prepar'd;

Porcia's my Claim, and here I'll win or lose her.

Theod. Then take thy due; and dye like a midnight Thief. Fall on.

[*Beau. and Theod. engage, and their Parties. Beau. and*

Theod. quit each other. Beau. falls upon Courtine and

Theod. upon Beaugard's Party; who retire from him, as Cour. does from Beau. off from the Stage.

Theod. He runs, he runs; the half-bred *Hector* runs: False Cards and Dice, and Quarrel-pot Brothel Brawls, were fitter for his Management, than honourable Difference: Hark, clashing of Swords still! by Heav'n I miss our Friend, the honourable Stranger, that so generously took our Party; if it be him, let's out, and give him Succour.

[*Enter Beaugard driving in Courtine. who retires beyond the reach of his Sword.*]

Beau. Base Rascal! Coward, fie! ———

Cour. No, Sir, I stand stock still, and won't stir an Inch; but since you are so uncivil, resolve not to fight a stroke more: So there's my Sword, and here's your humble Servant.

Beau. Courtine!

Cour. The same.

Beau. And thou my Enemy too!

Cour. No, Sir, your Friend, had you been wise enough to have found it. I came hither disguis'd, for a Reason you shall know hereafter; but falling into the hands of the

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the Enemy, was forced to take Party against you, for fear of being beaten for you : Yet with a design of revolting, would you have given me leave. But you, when you should have kept at the head of your Friends, took a particular fancy to be tickling my small Guts, and now you see what you have got by it.

Beau. Then farewell for ever poor Widow.— But stay, it were base and unmanly to give it over so— Let me see— send me thy Disguise, quickly, quickly, quickly, my Imagination's warm.

Cour. Ay, with all my Heart, and glad to be rid of it
[Disguises Beaugard.]

Beau. Take this, and rally my scatter'd Forces. [Gives him his Whistle.] They know the Sign ; and cannot be far off under the Conduct of *Plunder* that was my Serjeant broad, thou know'st him; make what haste is possible. I'll be hereabouts, and be near me, if any new Disaster should happen.

Cour. Well, with all my Heart for once: here is a new design in Embrio now; though I fancy when we have got her, we shall never make of this Widow what she has cost us.

Beau. No more; I hear Company; Vanish—[Exit *Cour.*
Enter Theodorer.

Theod. This way I think I heard it: Look, is not that he! Oh my dear generous Friend, let me embrace you: I hope you are come off well.

Beau. Very well, Sir, I thank you, if I were but well off from this place; I fear the Man I had to deal withal is illen, for I left him stagg'ring. Security were best for all, Sir.

Theod. My House shall be your Sanctuary, and I'll die with you but I'll protect you.

Beau. I gad, and that's kindly said, as things stand between us, and if he knew all.
[Aside:]

Theod. Open the Garden-gate there: You shall rest yourself in an Arbour, while I dispose of the gross of my Family, and prepare an Apartment for your Privacy.

Beau. If I had dy'd in your Quarrel, Sir, a Generosity like this had over-rewarded it. [Cour. at the Entrance.]

Cour. Stand still ye beaten scatter'd Scoundrels, I think that's he, follow me but at a distance.
Theod.

Theod. Open the Gate I say there; come Sir —

[*They enter the Garden.*]

Cour. The Stratagem succeeds, and *Troy* at last is taken.

Enter Lucretia.

Luc. O dear Sir, are not you Captain *Beaugard*?

Cour. The same, my dear Child, the same; hast thou any good tidings for me?

Luc. The private door of the Garden on the other side is opened, and you may enter, Sir. My poor Lady is dying almost with despair, that she shall never see you more. Could you now tell me News of Captain *Courtine*?

Cour. Hah! Does then my Blushing unknown belong to these Territories? It must be so. Captain *Courtine* is just gone in before. Sweet-heart, therefore if thou art a true Friend to Love, quickly conduct me.

Luc. I'll shew you Sir, into the Door, where you may conceal your self in one of the Arbours 'till I go through the House, and bring you farther Intelligence.

Cour. And if my Adventure happen really to be at the end of this business, my Friend and I shall not, I fancy, pass our time very uncomfortably. Rogues follow me, follow me Rogues. [Exit]

SCENE the Garden.

Beaugard looking out of an Arbour.

Beau. So, so, thus far I am undiscovered; it is as dark, as if the Devil himself were abroad solacing amongst a Company of Northern Witches to Night: If *Courtine* be but enter'd with my *Mirmidons*, the Widow's infallibly all my own. Hift! Who comes here?

Enter Lucretia.

Luc. Sir, Sir, where are you?

Beau. Here, here, my Friend, I wait you.

Lucr. Friend! Is not your Name —

Beau. My Name. what! what can this mean? — [Aside]

Luc. *Beaugard* Come, come I know you: You need not distrust your self, my design is to do you Services; your *Porcia* knows you are here, and expects you with her Arms open; follow me.

Beau. Be thou my good or bad Angel, at the charm of

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at Name I must follow thee, though thou lead me to
ardition.

Lucr. Softly, no noise, this way, give me your Hand.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Courtine.

Cour. Hold; let me see; ay, there I think is an Arbour
here I will creep in, and lye as close, as a Coward in the
ould at a Sea-fight.

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. Hereabouts it was I left him. It is wonderfully
rk! Friend! Friend! Where are you?

Cour. Ha! that's another sort of Voice than the Young-
er's I depend upon. By Heav'n, *Theodoret.* [*Aside.*]

Theod. Friend, Friend, I say, where are you?

Cour. Ay, but the Devil a word you get out of me. [*Aside.*]

Cour. Why Sir Friend, do not you hear me?

Cour. No.

[*Aside.*]

Theod. I am sure this must be the Arbour; I'll run and
ll a Flambeaux.

Cour. That may not be so well neither, my Affairs will
ot agree with the Light, as I take it. [*Aside.*]

Theod. May be he's fallen asleep; let me see. [*Graps in-
the Arbour and feels him.*] 'Tis even so! What ho,

[*Courtine snores.*]

riend, Friend, awake, your Chamber's ready, and I stay
r you.

Cour. Who's there? What are you?

[*Aloud, as if frightened suddenly.*]

Theod. Hush, make no noise; but come away.

Cour. Is it you, Sir?—He mistakes me for *Beaugard*,
hope.

Theod. The same: I wait upon you, follow me.

Cour. If he discover me, all again is ruin'd; but Dark-
ss, I hope, and Impudence, will befriend a good Cause.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *Daredevil's Chamber.*

th only one small Lamp burning, and *Daredevil* on the Bed.

Dared. Oh! oh! oh! my Wounds and my Sins! Con-
science, Conscience, Conscience, how shall I quiet thee!

[*Beaugard's Father at the Door.*]

Fath.

Fath. This cowardly Chicken-hearted Rascal will die, and be damn'd at last. How do you do, Sir? How do you find your self?

Dared. Oh very ill, Heav'n knows! within few hours of a Grave, and without great Mercy of a deeper place: Who ever you are, if you have any Charity, procure me some Conscientious Godly Divine to unburden my self of my Iniquity to.

Fath. This puling, whining, repining Rogue, within these two days was blaspheming: Ought I to be hang'd now for such a Varlet! shall I send you a Divine, said you, Sir?

Dared. It would be a great Favour, and a Comfort to me, Sir.

Fath. I'll try what I can do for you, since I see your condition so dangerous; a Pox o' your queasie Conscience. There is no safety for me in staying here, that's one thing, the House being certainly beset for the apprehending some body: For looking out at the Wardrobe Window as I was dressing my self; I observ'd six or seven arm'd Rogues, with hangmanly Faces, sneaking and sculking about the Garden, that's another thing; wherefore I will hasten and finish my Disguise, and if there come an Alarm, take the fairest opportunity to get off in it; and that for me will be the best thing.

[Exit FATHER.]

Enter Courtine.

Cour. To what an insignificant purpose have I taken all this pains to Night? here have I been put into a Room with a Bed in it, with, Pray, Sir, will you please to take your rest, in the Devil's Name; when my design has not been to take my Rest, but my Recreation: I fancy I heard a kind, small, complaining Voice this way too, and must at present confess my self in a very good-natur'd Humour, very much inclined to succour any distressed Damsel that wants a Companion to pass away a tedious Night withal.

Dared. Oh! oh! Would but this dear Man come now!

Cour. Hah! hark! That must certainly be me she means; nay, I am sure on't: I'll on a little farther.

Dared. Oh h h!

Cour. Where art thou, thou poor Creature? I am come to comfort thee.

Dared

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Dared. I wish you had come a little sooner, I am very

Cour. Alas, kind Soul, she's sick with passionate Expectation: This must be my blushing, unknown Servant, at the least.

Dared. Whereabouts are you? Give me your Hand here, will you?

Cour. Here, here it is, and my Heart too, thou hast them both: I'll swear she has a well grown Palm, by the Rule of Proportion I'll warrant her a Swinger:— But no matter, 'tis in the dark. [*Aside.*]

Dared. Heart, said you, Sir? Alas! my poor Heart's breaking.

Cour. Breaking, dear Soul! No, no, never fear it; I'll give thee a Recipe to keep it whole, I warrant thee. This is the most Romantick Adventure. [*Falls to undressing himself.*]

Porcia and Phillis at the Door.

Por. Has then *Beaugard* gotten entrance art thou sure?

Cour. Hah!

Phil. Madam, so sure, that his *Valet Fourbime* is here in the House, and told me so himself.

Cour. What's that?

Por. Then now my Part begins: Was there ever such inhumane Cruelty committed, a Wretch barbarously murder'd and expos'd, without comfort or succour?

Cour. Murder, said they? What, Man-slaying! when all my thoughts were upon nothing but Man-making. I gad when 'tis time that I take care for one, and 'till a better Conveniency offer it self, here's my Barrough. Murder in the Devil's name. What do they say now?

[*Creeps under the Bed.*]

Por. No, no, my Conscience will not bear it, I must proclaim it to the World: What ho there, Murder, Murder, Murder!

Cour. Oh Lord, here's a comfortable Condition that I am got into.

Por. But does the Chirurgeon say there is certainly no danger?

Phil. Only a thin skin Wound on the outside of his belly, but that the Force of Fear in the Cowardly-hearted Fellow, will let him think of nothing but a Grave and Damnation.

Por.

96 *The ATHEIST: Or,*

Por. The present Advantage of it then must be improv'd: Wherefore, I say, the stinging of my Conscience will not let me rest, I dare not conceal this Murder. Murder, Murder, Murder! Cry Murder you Witch, and alarm the House.

Phil. Here is somebody coming already, Madam.

Por. Stand still and observe then.

Enter Beaugard.

Beau. I think it was this way, but no matter, for I am sure I reign Lord Paramount of this Castle now: The angry jealous Brother is gone to Bed, and all his warlike Family, where he lies as fast, and snores and gapes so wide, one might steal the Widow out of his Mouth if she were there: Now could I but find the way to her Ladyship's Chamber, while *Plunder* is, according to Orders, with his Crew binding the drowzy Rogues of the Family in their Beds! What an opportunity would that be! For there is but one way of making a slippery Widow sure to you.

Por. No matter, happen how it will, I say again it is a crying Sin, it is an Abomination, 'tis a———Ah!

[Seeing Beau. disguis'd, is frighted and runs out.]

Beau. Hah! What do Ghosts walk here at this time of Night, and in Petticoats too; Nay, then have at you, ye airy Forms.

[Going out, is met by his Father, disguis'd like a Phanatick Preacher.]

Fath. Yes, verily, and indeed it is an Abomination, a burning Shame, and a lewd Abomination.

Beau. Hell and the Devil! My Spirit in Pettycoats that squeak'd Abomination in *Ela*, converted to the fleshly similitude of a Holy Brother, that Cants it in *Garnut*——— Hoh! Speak, what art thou?

Fath. A Minister of Peace to wounded Consciences. I come here by appointment with an Olive Branch in my mouth, to visit a Mortal Ark toss'd and floating in floods of its own Tears, for its own Frailties.

Beau. And are you really, Sir, a Man? Really the Godly Implement you appear to be, for the scowring of foul Consciences?

Dared. Ha! ha! ha! Godly Implement! it has almost made me laugh; that's a merry Gentleman, I'll warrant him: Oh h h!

Fath.

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Fath. I am, Friend, I tell thee, an Instructor of the Chosen; Thou savour'st of the old Man, stand off, and do not pollute me with too near communication: I come to convert a Sinner to the Truth; it was I that converted ——— as some say no body; and expounded the groans of the Protestant Board. How fareth our Brother?

Dared. Alas, Sir, very weak; upon the point of Dissolution, and tormented with the Stings of a terrify'd Conscience.

Fath. Lay then one Hand upon thy Heart.

Dared. I do so.

Fath. Lend me the other; that in the pouring forth thy Sins, thy right hand may not know what thy left hand doth.

Beau. A very material Point that is truly.

Fath. Thou hast liv'd in Wickedness long.

Dared. From sixteen to eight and forty, without the least Repentance, or a Thought of it.

Fath. A very dangerous state; but for thy darling Sins, *Imprimis*, what?

Dared. Drunkenness.

Fath. A very pernicious Sin, and of the Devil's own institution; for it sets our Souls o' fire: Nay, it sets our Noses o' fire, and sets Houses o' fire. Drunkenness ——— Did you ever burn any Houses?

Dared. Never but three, and they Houses of Pollution too: Bawdy-Houses, Sir.

Fath. So much the worse: For if Bawdy-Houses be burnt, what civil Family in this City sleeps safe? I never burnt a Bawdy-house in my Life, that's my comfort. *Item.*

Dared. Whoredom, Adultery!

Fath. For Adultery, I mean corrupting of other Mens Wives, let me tell you it is a crying Sing, and a very loud one too; but do you repent?

Dared. From the bottom of my Heart.

Beau. So, Heaven be thank'd, there's no harm in plain Whoredom.

Fath. No more to be said then; be comforted, and I'll resolve thee: But with whom was this Wickedness committed last?

Dared. With my Bosom Friend's Wife, and one that deserv'd much better of me.

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Beau.

Beau. And that was very friendly done of thee truly.

Fath. Impudent Rogue! But was she very young?

Beau. Ay, now the feeling, circumstantial Questions are starting.

Dared. About Eighteen; and not yet wedded a full Year.

Fath. Voluptuous Dog! But handsome too? Was she very handsome?

Dared. Too beautiful, to have had so little Virtue.

Fath. Her Name, her Name! Tell me her Name. Quickly, I say unto thee, let me know her Name.

Beau. Well said, well said there, old Fornication!

Dared. That I have promised shall forever be a Secret, Sir.

Fath. Then thou art damn'd, and I do not absolve thee. I must know this precious young Harlot. [Aside.]
Once more I say her Name!

Dared. But I have sworn, Sir; you'd not have me be forsworn?

Fath. A mortal Sin in it self; Swearing is another Sin. Farewell, I'll have no more to do with thee: Thy Sins are of too deep a Dye, and Satan be upon thee—A damn'd Rogue not to tell me her Name!

Dared. Oh! oh! dear Sir come back again, and leave me not in this desperate, desponding, sad Condition.

[Exit Father.]

Beau. If he has any mercy in this Case but upon his own conditions, he's no Father of mine I'm sure on't. [Aside.]

Enter Lucretia.

Luc. Oh, Sir, I am glad I have met with you; a word with you in private; turn, turn this way into the next Room quickly; *Porcia, Porcia*, your Widow *Porcia*, Sir.

Beau. Hah! speak, where is she, thou pretty, smiling Mercury!

Luc. I am to bring her to you this moment: No more words, but in Sir, in, if you'll be happy.

Conr. *Porcia, Porcia*, said he? Then I am sure it must be

Beau. a pretty Pimp that, I'll warrant him. [Aside.]

Beau. And shall I trust thee?

Luc. Why should I deceive you?

Beau. Be sure thou dost not, as thou lovest the welfare of this soft, tender Outside; adieu for a minute. [Exit]

Luc. That minute gives her to your Possession, Sir—
Madam, Hift! the Coast is now clear. [Sylva]

The SOLDIER'S FORTUNE. 99

Sylv. Where are you, Ill-nature?

Luc. Here, tortur'd with my Longings: Where are you? come, come.

Sylv. Why do you make me do this?

Luc. Is that a Question now? Turn, turn into the dark Chamber: I'll but secure this Door, and then the Night's our own.

Sylv. Don't stay too long.

Cour. How afraid she is, lest he should come again too soon!

[*Aside.*

Luc. Be satisfy'd, I'll fly—that is from you as fast as I can, for I hope I have fitted you.

[*Exit Sylvia.*

Cour. Nay, faith, if this be the Custom of the House, I'll lurk here no longer: The Devil again!

Re-enter Father.

Fath. Trouble me no more, I say I will not be persuaded, I will know the Adulteress's Name, that I may admonish her; for it has been of ancient Practice in these pious Offices, to make our Converts confess, not only what they know, but all that we have a mind to know.

Dared. Not Sir, I hope, if it be improper.

Fath. No matter for that, proper or improper, right or wrong, true or false, if it be for our use, it must be consulted. Therefore I say, and say again, I do not absolve thee, thou art in the state of Perdition still: tell me her name, or for thy Drunkenness, and burning of Houses; thy Whoredoms and Adulteries; Blasphemy, and Profaneness; thy Swearing, and Forswearing; thy rubbing of Milk-scores, and lamb-blackening of Signs in Covent-garden; thy breaking of Windows, killing Constables and Watchmen, Beadles, Taylors, Hackney-Coachmen and Milk-boys, for all these——

Noises of squeaking from each side of the Stage, one from Sylvia.
Mark there the screaming Fiends are at thy door already.

Mark.

[*Scream again.*

Cour. Nay, Madam, if you squeak, and think to alarm the House, if I do not behave my self like a true Friend to you, I am mistaken, and so here I am posted, and thus I'll maintain the Pass.

Goes to the door where Beau. and his Wife are, and draws his Sword to defend it.

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Luc.

100 *The ATHEIST: Or,*

Luc. [*At the Door.*] Well said, my civil, dear and friendly Cuckold.

Enter Theodoret. and Porcia crying.

Theod. Come forth, thou Strumper.

Por. Nay, cruel *Theodoret*, do not, do not kill me: here on my Knees ———

Cour. How's this? *Porcia* taken there, and my! Friend, here in private with *Porcia* too!

Theod. By Heav'n thou dy'st this moment.

Cour. By Hell though but she shall not, Sir.

Enter Sylvia, and Beaugard pursuing her.

Beau. Nay, Madam, then! How's this? my Widow split in twain! My *Porcia* there, and *Porcia* here too? Confound me, *Courtine's* Wife! I have done finely.

Theod. You'll justify this usage?

Cour. You see, Sir, I am responsible. [*Shows him Beau.*]

Beau. By Heav'n unhand her, or — Nay, look Sir well, you'll know me. [*Throws off his Disguise.*]

Por. My faithful Soldier!

Beau. My victorious Widow! [*She runs into his Arms.*]

Theod. Call up my Servants there, raise all the Household.

Beau. I'll do't, Sir ———

[*Gives the Sign, Plunder and his Party appear.*]
See, here are those that are ready to wait on you, if you have any Service to command them

Theod. And I will find 'em Service that shall warm 'em.

[*Exit.*]

Cour. Now, I fancy, by this Lady's concealing her self, she may be a discovery worth the making. Madam, you see here my Friend is unconstant, but truly nothing could ever wean him from this Widow here ——— *Sylvia*! My Wife! my rigid virtuous Wife! my damn'd, confounded, jealous Wife!

Beau. Now here are very hopeful matters towards.

Cour. It was very courteously done of me, *Beaugard*, was it not, to keep the door for you, with my own Wife, Sir?

Beau. Nay, let us not quarrel, *Ned*: I'll give thee a friendly account of this matter to-morrow between our selves; in the mean time be satisfy'd, I have not wrong'd thee.

Por.

The SOLDIER'S FORTUNE. 101

Por. Will you never leave this Foraging into other Folks Quarters, Captain?

Beau. I am afraid, Widow of mine, you had a Finger in the Plot, though——

Sylv. Indeed, my Dearest——

Cour. Your humble Servant, my Dearest! I am only glad of this fair opportunity, to be rid of you, my Dearest: henceforth, my Dearest, I shall drink my Drink, my Dearest, I shall Whore my Dearest; and so long as I can Pimp so handsomly for you, my Dearest, I hope if ever we return into the Country, you'll wink at a small Fault now and then with the Dairy-Wench, or Chamber-Maid, my Dearest.

Sylv. I always was a Burden to your sight, and you shall be this time eas'd on'r. [Exit.

Cour. With all my Heart! Heav'n grant it would last for ever.

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. My Doors lockt up! my Servants gagg'd and bound! I am betray'd, undone, and I'll not live to bear it.

Beau. Nay, hold, Sir, none of that neither: This Design was not laid for a Tragedy.

Theod. How do you intend to deal with me?

Beau. Like a Gentleman, Sir, though you hardly deserve it of me: In short, this Lady is in my Charge now, and you in my Power; and by her Authority, this being her own House, I have made thus bold with it; and will take care to dispose her hereafter out of the reach of your merciless Tyranny; nay, if this reverend Person will do us the friendly Office, though I have often renounc'd it, am ready to do it one way this moment. *Daredevil*, wilt thou lend me thy Chaplain?

Dared. Heh!

Por. Rise, Sir! Won't you rise? If your old Friend and I make a Match on't, I hope you'll be so kind to dance at the Wedding.

Dared. Dance, Madam! I am dying.

Phil. That's false, to my knowledge, Madam: For the Surgeon told me last dressing, it was so slight a Wound, he had much ado to keep it from healing.

Dared. Yes, by the same token when he had done with

me, he began with you, forsooth, and said he would shew you a little of his operation, for handling and tampering with his Box of Instruments, and there's the truth out now.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Dared. Why Gentlemen, Ladies, Friends, Acquaintance, am not I dying? Am not I wounded? Is not there a Hole in my Belly, that you may turn a Coach and fix in?

Beau. No, no: Pr'ythee leave raving, and get up for shame, Man. Thou an Atheist, thou believe neither a God nor a Devil, and be afraid of a hurt no bigger than a Pin-hole! *Comtine*, lend us thy hand to raise up our old Friend here: Well, how is't now? [*Sets him on his Legs.*]

Dared. Ha! Faith and Troth, I fancy, not so bad as I thought it was. Methinks I begin to find my self pretty hearty; I can stand, I can walk too, I have no pain at all. How dost thou do, old Orthodox?

[*Strikes him the Shoulder, which shakes the Disguise from his Face.*]

Cour. Ah! but you repented, *Daredevil*; thou didst repent, Friend: I am sorry to hear of it with all my Heart, it will be a foul blot in thy Escutcheon: But thou didst repent.

Fath. A Pox on the Block-head, now I shall be known.

[*Fumbling to fix his Disguise again.*]

Dared. Repent! Pr'ythee be quiet, Man; repent quotha! Why, dost thou think I did not know my old Customer for two Deuces here, old *Anti-Abraham*, the Father of Unbelievers?

Fath. My *Jacky*! my little Rogue! my dainty Boy! Thou Son of thy nown Father, I can hold no longer; and I must kiss thee, and I will kiss thee, eree you Dog, you Dog, you Dog, you little dear damn'd Dod. [*Sings old Simon.* *Huzza*, the Widow's our own: Therelie Diviniry.

Beau. A very *Cutter*, as I live, had he but a *Tabitha*, a perfect *Cutter*.

Fath. Now, *Jacky* boy; *Jacky*, you Rogue, shall not I have a little spill out of this Portion now hah? The jolly Worms that have fatten'd so long in this Malmsey Nose of mine with the Fumes of Sack, will die, and drop out of their Sockets else. Couldst thou have the Heart to see this illuminated Nose of mine look like an empty Honey-Comb; couldst thou be so hard-hearted?

Por.

The SOLDIER'S FORTUNE. 103

Por. Faith, Captain, be mollify'd; the old Gentleman, methinks, purposes very moderately.

Fath. It shall be so, she shall be my Daughter-in-Law, though I invert the Order of Duty, and ask her Blessing.

Beau. Look you, Sir: Though you have been a very ungracious Father, upon condition that you'll promise to leave off Gaming, and stick to your Whoring and Drinking, I will treat with you.

Fath. The truth on't is, I have been to blame, *Jack!* But thou shalt find me hereafter very obedient; that is, provided I have my Terms: which are these.

Beau. Come on, then.

Fath. Three Bottles of Sack, *Jack, per Diem*, without Deduction, or false Measure: Two Pound of Tobacco per Month; and that of the best too.

Cour. Truly this is but reasonable.

Fath. Buttock-Beef and *March Beer* at Dinner, you Rogue: A young Wench of my own chusing, to wait on no body but me: Always Mony in my Pocket: An old Pacing Horse, and an Elbow-Chair.

Beau. Agreed. You see, Sir, already, I am beginning to settle my Family; and all this comes by the Dominion Chance has over us. By Chance you took the Charge of an old Father off from my Hands, and made a Chaplain of him. By the same sort of Chance I have taken this Lady off from your Hands, and intend to make her another sort of Domestick. What say you, Sir? Are you contented?

Theod. I cannot tell whether I am or no.

Beau. Then you are not so wise a Man as I took you for. In the mean time; for your Liberty, you must dispense with the want of it, 'till I have this Night secured the Safety of my Widow. Your Friend *Gratian*, because of his Wounds, is only lock'd in his Chamber, and may take his Rest as otherwise. For the other part of the Family, I care not to make Excuses.

Thus still, with Power in hand, we treat of Peace;

But when 'tis ratify'd, Suspicious cease:

The Conquer'd to recruiting Labours move;

Like me, the Victor, Crowns his Ease, with Love.

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. Duke of Cambridge.

IT is not long, since in the noisie Pit
Tumultuous Faction sate the Judge of Wit;
There Knaves applauded what their Blockheads writ.
At a Whig-Brother's Play, the Bawling Crowd
Burst out in Shouts, as zealous, and as loud,
As when some Member's stout Election-Beer
Gains the mad Voice of a whole Drunken Shire.
And yet, even then, our Poet's Truth was try'd,
Tho' 'twas a Dev'lish Pull to stem the Tyde;
And tho' he ne'er did Line of Treason write,
Nor made one Rocket on Queen Bess's Night,
Such was his Fortunes, or so good his Cause,
Even then he fail'd not wholly of Applause.
He that could then escape, now bolder grows:
Since the Whig-Tyde runs out, the Loyal flows.
All you who lately here presum'd to hawl,
Take Warning from your Brethren at Guild-Hall;
The Spirit of Rebellion there is quell'd,
And here your Poet's Acts are all repeal'd:
Impartial Justice has resum'd again
Her awful Seat, nor bears the Sword in vain.
The Stage shall lash the Follies of the Times,
And the Laws Vengeance overtake the Crimes.
The perjur'd Wretch shall no Protection gain
From his dishonour'd Robe and Golden Chain;
But stand expos'd to all th' insulting Town,
While rotten Eggs bepaw the Scarlet Gown.
Pack hence betimes, you that were never sparing
To save the Land, and dam' your selves, by Swearing.
Shou'd the Wise City now, to ease your Fears,
Erect an Office to Insure your Ears;
Thither such num'rous Shoals of Witnesses,
And Juries, conscious of their Guilt, wou'd press,
That to the Chamber hence might more be gain'd,
Than ever Mother Creswell from it drain'd;
And Perjury to the Orphans Bank restore
Whatever Whoredom robb'd it of before.

